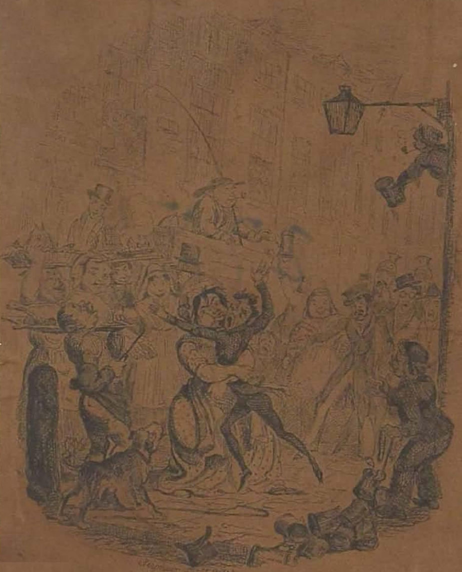

THE UNKNOWN REGION

SNATCHES FROM OBLIVION,

Being the Remains of

the late Herbert Trevelyan, Esq.r

Edited by

PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

LONDON.

HURST, CHANCE & Co.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

As little attention is paid in these matter-of-fact-days to prefatory addresses, the author will be as brief as possible in his self-introduction.

The majority of the following papers have already, in some measure, been made known to the world, at least to a portion of it, as "Vagaries, in Quest of the Wild and the Whimsical." As that work was printed with the view of private circulation, a very limited number of copies have met the public eye; it has, therefore, become, in the phraseology of *Paternoster-row*, "out of print."

By the additions now made to it, the general character of the work is much altered; I have, therefore, again stood godfather, and the *new comer* has gone through the ceremony of a second baptism.

London, September, 1827.

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INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

The late Mr. Trevelyan was one of those spirits whose short career is like the ascent of a sky-rocket, rapid and glorious in its ascent, soaring to the very heavens, and a beacon light to the eyes of men during its momentary life, but as quickly and as darkly quenched, leaving no track of its brief, though beautiful, existence. Their talents survive only in the perishable record of memory —for them the spirit-stirring voice of fame has never sounded—around their tombs the laurel withers beneath the overshadowing cypress.

The life of a man of genius has one painful uniformity, the events of one will tell the history of a hundred. His works live in the hearts of men, breathe with their spirit, and thrill in their souls, while he languishes in obscurity, or writes in want. Wrapt up in the solitude of his imagination, while his thoughts and feelings are the common property of the world, he moves in the

midst of it, as a thing to which it has no kindred. While living, want, suffering, and disappointment are his attendant spirits. One struggle more he dies—and THEN, when the common man is a clod of the valley, begins *his* existence; as if the shortness of his life were only to add to the period of his immortality!

Would that the spirit of divination could unfold to us, whether he is conscious, in his new and beautiful nature, of what he is then in the eyes of those who were his fellow creatures. Say, can he taste the ecstatic, though earthly, communion of joy, when his living efforts are enchanting the hearts of beings inferior to himself—can his soul descend from the majesty of her dwelling place, and hang over the smile, or welcome the tear, which it loved, while here, so fondly to bring into play? If so, let us regret no more at the world's neglect of genius, if we can but imagine that a Milton is now observant of the awe and admiration, which, when living, were not awarded him—if a Shakspeare, or a Byron, can but acknowledge that the narrowness of their fame while on earth, has, like a noble river, widened as it proceeded, swelling in its mighty course with a broader and deeper channel—never to cease until mingled in the ocean of eternity!

In introducing the remains of a mind which might have become a light to the world, it may be urged, these observations are of a strain too exalted for the subject; the gatherings here presented, are principally that mind's first dawnings, and who would judge of the fruit by the windfalls of a cold and untimely blight?

If the life of Trevelyan may have no distinct outline to relieve it from the general mass of literary sufferers, his death may give a more characteristic idea of his character and disposition. To sound the depths of human nature, we have but to take courage to view the last parting stage of poor mortality's pilgrimage, as those, who would view the day-god undazzled, can only gaze on it while losing all its brilliancy and grandeur.

The editor, in presenting the following letter, which relates to the last of Trevelyan, feels that in doing so, and in sending forth this little volume to the world, his task to be ended, although it might have been better accomplished had more severity been shown towards their style and arrangement, yet he has deemed it a more faithful release of the trust reposed in him, in parting with both in the same condition as they were when confided to him.

P. S.

LETTER

FROM MRS. DOROTHY POTTS, OF PROSPECT COTTAGE, WINANDMERE, TO PIERS SHAFTON, ESQ.

"SIR,

"HEARING that you wish to be acquainted with all I know of my late lodger, Mr. Trevelyan, before you look over the papers he left me as a legacy, I am sure you will excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing you. Somewhere about last autumn, a young gentleman came from Ambleside, where he had been set down by the mail, and inquired for lodgings. As Prospect Cottage has ivy over-running all the windows in front, and the back has a full view of the churchyard, it has, by far, the pleasantest look out in the village. Mr. Trevelyan, for it was him (poor dear soul), seemed quite pleased with the parlor and bed-room, and settled at once as to terms. He was well to look at, not very tall, but was a good figure; and all the young women said he would have been very handsome, only he had such a melancholy smile.

"He used every day to get up early, and, in a small skiff he bought while he was here, sail over the lake (which you know is about a quarter of a mile from the cottage), then he would breakfast; and after that would write or read till dinner, which did not take him long, poor man, for he eat little or nothing. At sunset he would take his flute and would ramble by the side of the lake, or, as I have often seen him, lie on the mountain side, and look at the sun fall like as it were in the water beneath. He seemed very partial to the churchyard, and we often minded him sitting on an old gray tombstone, watching the rooks as they were cawing round their nests in the ivy that covered the steeple. As he seldom walked out but in the evening, except when he went at day-break on the top of the mountain to see the sun rise, and if he did meet any one, although they tried all they could to talk to him, yet he only wished them good evening, and walked on. For all he was so distant he was not very proud, for he always bowed to the poor people if they took off their hats to him, and he did it with such a melancholy smile that always won their hearts; to be sure he carried his head very high; when the Miss Briggs, or the Miss Simpsons, or anybody else followed or watched him, he went and

walked on as if he had never seen them. This made them so angry that they were ill-natured enough to say, that, as he never went to church after the first Sunday, he was a conjuror, and used to walk abroad at night that he might have dealings (God forgive them) with the devil, who they say he used to charm with his flute in the churchyard and mountain glens.

"While all the village having nothing else to chat about but, as they called him, the strange gentleman, he seemed never to think about anybody in it; he was as gentle as a lamb, and never seemed cross, except when I brought his meals, and staid to acquaint him of the things people said of him; then he would join his brows, and say—'Good woman (which to be sure was not the civilest way of speaking to the widow of an exciseman), let them say what they please, but never trouble yourself with bringing their idle tales to me.' Well, sir, a month or so passed away, and as some Londoners came down in straw hats and white trousers, with square books in their hands, *towrists* as we northern folk call them, my lodger, Mr. Trevelyan, used to go out less than ever, and the people began to think him less a wonder, and almost left off talking about him. One day, as I was taking a dish of tea with a neighbour,

Miss Simpson and my daughter came quite out of breath, saying that they had found out the secret, and what our lodger was—that he was a poet—for they had picked up a bit of paper in the churchyard with some verses on it, which they had seen him write. So I took the paper, for I knew else, if they had it, it would be shown all over the village, and I have kept it ever since—this is it:

'I roam out in the twilight,
Heart-broken and alone,
Till the night-winds and the dropping dews
Have chill'd me to the bone.
For I feel that when unkindness,
Lieth freezing on the heart,
It is happier to be cheerless too,
In every other part.

'The glow upon that cypress,
Where my sire's cold ashes sleep,
Would melt me into tears, had I
Spirit enough to weep.
But the grief that gnaws within me,
Will not be thus out-thrown;
For despair hath round it closed, and shut
The reptile in the stone.

'My father! oh! my father!
Too early was I left,
Of thy care and well remember'd love,
And wisdom, all bereft.

Though thou blessed art in Heaven,
Could'st thou see the wither'd brow,
And the dim eye of thy first-born son,
Thou 'd'st weep for him e'en now.'

"As Bella was for five quarters at Belvidere House Seminary, she is a judge of all kinds of poetry. These verses, she said, were pensive, and very grammatical; and their meaning was, that Mr. Trevelyan meant to say he was very unhappy, and had lost his father. Poor man! I knew all along something was on his mind, and he seemed to take it to heart very much.

"As winter was now setting in, and as he had a bad cough, the doctor ordered him not to stir abroad, or go on the lake, on any account, and said that it would do him good to keep company, for he never spoke to a single soul. He took the doctor's physic, but not his advice, and remained as solitary and as pensive as ever; sometimes, when the afternoon was fine, he would stroll towards the side of the lake, and watch the setting of the sun; but it was really a grief to look at him, so worn was his look, and so wasted altogether. The old folks as they came from labor used to salute him, and when they had passed shake their heads, as much as to say, he was not long for this world.

"As I thought it was all for want of company, I desired Bella to invite him to join our family circle on Sunday evening, when we sit in the best parlor, with all our uncles and cousins, and sometimes the Simpsons and the three Miss Briggs drop in; but he shook his head and thanked her, and said he did not like company, and would rather be alone. He got worse and worse; I saw he was going away like my own poor boy, who was cut off in the flower of his years, and if he had been another son I could not have felt for him more. It was a hard sight to see so fine a young man dropping, as it were, in his grave, without a kindred hand to offer to moisten his dry lips, or smooth his pillow.

"Well, sir, he withered away like a root in the ground dying for want of water. His cough now had left him, and the doctor said no power below could do more for him—he was in a deep decline. Yet, although his pains were still strong, he bore all without repining, and seemed less peevish and fretful than at first; and, as he sometimes looked at the last of the sun, his eyes, which were very bright, would sparkle and glow, and he moved about as if he did not belong to the earth.

"Spring had come, but his freshness did not return.

It was with a heavy heart that I carried away his meals almost untouched; any little delicacy I thought he would like I tried to tempt him with—but no, it was no use. His lips had still the same wan smile, and I could count each blue vein as he waved his thin white hand to tell me they were naught to him. I could have nursed him, and borne him on my bosom, as if he was a child of my own, so mild and so winning were his ways. But there seemed something so awful about him towards the last, when he took up his flute (which he was ordered not to play), and laid it down again, as if nothing more could charm him, that I felt, when I went into the room where he was, as if I was entering a vault, for my heart seemed to die away, and a chill ran within me.

"Soon he was not able to leave the house, and then he would ask me, as the afternoon wore away, to wheel the sofa towards the lake, that he might see to catch the last rays of daylight. His cheeks were sunk in, oh! so frightfully, and yet covered with a crimson flush; though thin and worn by his illness, I thought he looked more beautiful as he wasted away. Although he became more solemn in his manner, still he did not appear unhappy, and I thought the last evening that

he was in his sitting-room, that he was more cheerful than ever. It was then that he rang for my account, and, for the first time, he asked me to sit down with him: he paid me without looking at it, and would make me take a month over, for he said my kindness was great, and could not be over paid, even had he power to do it. He took from a desk some rings, and from his neck a gold chain, which he desired me to give my daughter, and then told me he found his end was near. He afterwards gave me directions about his papers, which he told me to carry to you, who would arrange them, and perhaps be able to dispose of them to my advantage. As I took leave of him that night he offered me his hand, with such a look as if he had been of Heaven. I know not how I felt, but my heart swelled so I thought it would burst. I leaned over him and burst into tears. I ought not to have done so, but I could not help it, for I kissed his cheek as he said—'God bless you and yours.' These were the last words I heard him speak, the rest you know too well. He lies buried in the spot he had pointed out, under the same larches where he loved, when living, to sit and ponder.

"*Ambleside, Feb.* 18, 182—."

"CUT IS THE BRANCH,
THAT MIGHT HAVE GROWN FULL STRAIT,
AND BURNED IS APOLLO'S GOLDEN LYRE."

MARLOWE.

CHARACTER HUNTING.

I HAVE always entertained an unconquerable prejudice against those poets and novelists, who, as if there were not misery and vexation enough in the world, invariably display the darker in preference to the brighter paths of existence. We want not the aid of fiction to render us more repining and discontented, nor need the fancy and imagination be exhausted in coining bitterness and woe, when reality herself is hourly convincing us of her fertility. Why should we who are groaning beneath the weight of troubles, of whose existence we can have no doubt, encumber ourselves with those which have no other origin than their creator's fancy?

There are some in the world for whom nature has no other charm save that which can be found in the contemplation of a faded leaf, or a withered flower, and music no other spell than in the tuneless strings

of a broken lyre. For my own part, I would give up the sceptre of Crœsus for the magical wand of him whose command

> "The spirits of past delight obey,"

and the throne of the world for the happy dominion over the warmest and kindliest affections of our nature. In one sense of the word I am a miser; I treasure up every record of a pleasure that is gone, and embalm every relic of a joyous feeling in the holiest shrine of my memory. Thus am I fortified against the sharpest inflictions of fate, and although she may wantonly fling her arrows, I have a medicine in my soul which speedily heals the wound, and obliterates the scar. If I am a miser in the acquirement of my riches, I am a prodigal in their dispensation. They are useless dross when locked up in the chambers of my own breast, and I feel their value only in parting with them.

It is for this kind of wealth that I have become a citizen of the world; for ever craving after new scenes, and speculating on human characters, I lead an unsettled and rambling existence, preferring the sunny side throughout the whole of my rambles, though never

hesitating to turn out of my way, even though it may be darkened by sorrow, or chilled by disappointment, in the hopes of meeting an adventure, or a stimulus to those feelings which, though not dead, too frequently slumber. A ruin mouldering in green decay has a charm to me as a voice speaking from the abyss of time; and a red-nosed landlord, with an eye that tells of "quips and cranks," I am far from despising, although the subject of his contemplation may never verge beyond his home-brewed, or his taste of the sublime and beautiful be confined to his buxom dame in the interior, or the staring "Red Lion" on the outside of his dwelling. In a word, I am a weathercock of a man, for ever shifting my course as the wind of circumstance directs. Cameleon like, my mind takes its hue from every prevailing feeling. "I have neither wife nor children," and my affections are as yet too centrifugal to be gathered into one exclusive point. The world and I are still new acquaintances; may knowledge of each other never cause repugnance on either side! May we jog on like fellow-travellers on a long journey, occasionally in a full gallop, but more generally in a pleasant canter; changing our paces with our different moods, varying the dull

routine, sometimes with a tale, sometimes with a sermon, and now and then with a song, by way of a fillip.

Although my vagaries may not always be in keeping, I will promise as much cheerfulness as the natural caprice of my temper will allow. Unluckily a bundle of horrors appear, at the present day, as necessary an item in the stock in trade of a writer as a bundle of pens. Judging from the lugubrious strains of our modern novelists and poets, no man ought to commence writing, without being exceedingly miserable, or previously crossed in love. I have, to confess the truth, very little sympathy for those sorrows which are made known to all the world, and unfortunately cannot estimate that grief which is to break the heart in a stanza, or madrigal. Give me the being who loves, like myself, to court nature when her smiles are the brightest —the hand which would not intentionally touch a string of the heart that never responded with a joyous note. I hate the selfish being who merely throws the load off his own shoulders to encumber those of his neighbours; or who, when his heart is illumined with joy, shuts it up, lest it should be evaporated in another's.

Whatever were the motives, beyond my usual love of novelty, which found me in a little village in the western part of England, I do not remember; but when arrived, the dulness and monotony, which appeared the presiding destinies of the place, were sufficient to induce me to make instant preparations for leaving it.

Having rambled through the churchyard, which contained the usual quantity of epitaphs upon a number of worthy individuals, who were, of course, the "best parents"—"most virtuous wives"—"sincerest friends"—and "dutiful children," as if all virtue and worth were buried in one acre and a half of chalky earth; and having amused myself with the perusal of

> "A husband and a parent dear,
> Lies sleeping here;"

or with the agreeable diversity on every other tombstone, of

> "Afflictions sore,
> Long time I bore,"

until bored nearly to death with langour, I whistled myself back in a trice to the "Moon and Seven Stars," where a new source of discomfiture arose. My host, with an awful longitude of countenance, informed me

that there was no chance of any conveyance until the afternoon, when the "Dorchester Fly" would make its appearance. In the mean time, not finding his ale arrive at my ideas of malt perfection, I was left to take "my ease at mine inn," with nothing but my own virtues to keep me company.

After solving a problem drawn with my stick on the sandy covered floor, I commenced an elaborate criticism on the pictures which adorned the white-washed walls of my temporary prison. Five young ladies in blue sashes, which my natural acuteness at once discovered to be the daughters of Pharaoh, were represented picking up a chubby Moses among some very equivocal bull-rushes, over the mantel-piece; the pitiable situation of the Prodigal Son was characteristically represented by an ill looking vagabond, with half a pair of breeches, stealing raw turnips, on one side of the room; whilst the other was uniform, by a representation on stained glass of David embracing Absalom, both of whom appeared in top boots and buck skin small-clothes, while a correct view of the fight between Dan Mendoza and Molyneux, the black, was hung by its side as a companion!

On hearing the sound of wheels rumbling along the

village, my criticism and spleen suspended their operations; but on starting up to hail the approach of the knight of the whip, who was to deliver me from this castle of indolence, how my rising spirits fell! The vehicle, which was to have been the trophy of the achievement, was curtailed of its fair proportions, by the absence of a refractory wheel; and, to my unspeakable grief, I discovered the whole of the passengers on foot, giving ample proof that sorrow is not always silent, by venting forth their ejaculations, in the shape of angry imprecations on the crest-fallen cause of this unpropitious event, the coachman. He adroitly relieved himself of the burthen by throwing the whole of the blame on an incipient jehu, whom he had imprudently entrusted with the reins, and who had driven exceedingly well, with the exception of running against a mile-stone at the entrance of the village, and upsetting the coach; the mile-stone very naturally came in for its share of the curses so liberally distributed, till they at last settled, like the helmet of Pallas by unanimous consent, on the unconscious head of the surveyor of the district.

As it would be more stormy than interesting, I will waive all description of the feelings of the party when they discovered that there was no wheelwright in the

village, and that the only chance of getting from there was by despatching a messenger to a town twenty miles distant. The accommodation of the inn had nothing splendid to boast of, and blue-devils soon became the order of the hour, till equanimity and something like good-humour was restored, by a certain merry little gentleman proposing that each of the party assembled should, after the most approved fashion of fellow travellers in misfortune, entertain the rest either with a story, an anecdote, or a song, that being the only means they possessed of dissipating the tedious hours which would elapse until the wheelwright had arrived and completed his operations.

The party, which by the bye, according to my favorite habit of speculating on character and disposition, through the medium of the countenance and dress, I had already analyzed, answered to the following descriptions.

A tall thin young gentleman, who was crouched in the corner, with his hat partly flapped over his face, had a restlessness of expression, an eye perpetually wandering, and a nervous tremor which came over him whenever he was addressed, which, although it might have induced some people to think he was a

pick-pocket, made me set him down without hesitation for a poet, was the first that courted, or more properly speaking, shunned my scrutiny; an intelligent and genteel looking girl sat opposite to him, who looked seventeen, and (of course) sentimental; a little dapper individual, possessing a pair of merry black eyes, which augured a sufficient fund of amusement to carry into effect the proposal that he had just made; a grave and gentlemanlike middle-aged man, of a remarkably intellectual aspect, who I felt thoroughly convinced was a clergyman, but whom I subsequently discovered to be an actor of distinction; a fashionable young man, with whom the former appeared very intimate, and who evidently possessed such an exceedingly good opinion of himself, and so tormenting a facility in punning, that I felt satisfied he was of the honorable fraternity of Knight Templars, and he did not falsify my prediction. These, with myself, of whom the reader has most probably heard enough, formed the component parts of the assembly, seated in the best parlour of "The Moon and Seven Stars."

It need scarcely be said that there was no one impolite enough to dissent from the proposition of the gentleman who had recommended us to make ourselves

amiable, and we were all agreeable to listen, but unluckily none of us to speak. "The proposer was nigh taking nothing by his motion," till the author-like gentleman drawing from a small portfolio a MS. of an adventure which he affirmed befel him during a continental tour, which, to the great relief of all, he read by way of a commencement.

I will not interrupt the threads of the different discourses by any interludes of my own, but simply observe that his example was, after the intervening thanks and preliminary apologies, followed by the remainder of the party, who, to avail myself of the memory as well as of the words of all authors from time immemorial, delivered themselves "as follows:"—

AN ADVENTURE

ON

THE APPENINES.

> "Oh! speak no more;
> For more than this I know, and have recorded
> Within the red-leaved tablet of my heart."
>
> HEYWOOD.

In the course of a continental tour, which I made a few years since, I visited Arezzo, which is situated on the banks of the Arno, to the south-east of Florence. Interesting as this seat of former grandeur is to the lover of nature from the beautiful and picturesque scenery of its neighbourhood, and to the connoisseur from its rich antiquarian remains, yet it possesses a stronger stimulus to the enthusiasm of the traveller, from its being the birth-place of Petrarch.

My poetical homage at the shrine of this magical

bard was interrupted by an express from a friend, who had till now accompanied me on my tour, but from an eagerness to reach the "eternal city," had proceeded to it direct from Florence. The purport of this communication was, that he was at Rome, and ardently requesting me to join him, which, although the season of the year was the worst adapted for travelling, it being the depth of winter, I complied with, and took immediate steps for resuming my journey.

Pursuing the course of the Arno, the magnificent pile of the Appenines burst upon my view, their rugged peaks almost lost in the blue ether around them, and their snow clad sides glittering with every resplendence of hue kindled up by the reflection of the sunbeams. Elevated by the awful beauty of the scene, I did not perceive, till the day had far advanced, the almost impassable state of the road, which, from its adjacency to the mountains, was nearly choked up with the snow; when, observing symptoms of perplexity in the postillion's countenance, I directed him to drive to the nearest *osteria*, resolving to remain there till we could procure an efficient guide. As the day-light decreased our dangers appeared to become more imminent, and I soon discovered, from the postillion's undisguised alarm,

that he had lost all traces of the road. From our exposed situation, and the keen mountain air, he became so benumbed with the cold as to fall powerless into the snow. Having placed him in the carriage, I took the reins, and endeavoured to guide the horses over an almost inaccessible pass, which, from their having gone many miles beyond their intended stage, they were unable to ascend without assistance. Environed by danger, I still retained my presence of mind, when the moon, which had till now, with her friendly beams, warned us of the horrors of our situation, deserted us, and the horses, after making a desperate plunge, lost their footing—the carriage fell a considerable depth—a tremendous crash followed—and I can remember nothing more than the severity of the cold, which thrilled through every nerve, till I prayed for a release by death from the acute sense of my sufferings.

The first impression which lingered on my memory after the event, was that of an object of whose nature and appearance I had neither power nor sense to discern. It seemed to lie on my breast, and, in the confused state of my mind, I imagined it was some compassionate spirit exerting upon me its genial influence. When I was more perfectly restored to my senses, I found myself

alone, buried in the snow, with a gourd containing a small quantity of cordial by my side, from what source I had no conception; I perceived no traces of the carriage, nor of the ill-fated postillion and horses, and my hunger and thirst becoming irrepressible, I drank a small quantity of the liquor in the gourd, which immediately produced sleepy sensations, and, although I was aware of the probable consequence, I could not resist the temptation.

I remember nothing more till I awoke in a small room, more resembling a cell than a bed-chamber. The couch and the furniture were remarkably old and plain, and saving an indifferent picture of the Crucifixion, there was nothing in the room which approached to ornament. In a vain attempt to collect my scattered ideas, I was interrupted by the entrance of a venerable old man. He was habited in a tunic of coarse serge, secured round the waist by a white cord; and a cowl, which identified him as belonging to a religious order, enveloped his head. He was barefooted, and a beard of uncommon length and whiteness added to his otherwise remarkable appearance. Fixing his eyes upon me with a mild and compassionate earnestness, he offered me a cordial, which I

endeavoured to take, but my limbs seemed torpid and nerveless; and being unable to speak, I fancied myself, in the bewildered state of my imagination, to be under the spell of enchantment. The old man, with a nice perception of the wandering state of my intellect, after putting the cordial to my lips, motioned me to be quiet, and tenderly commenced chafing my limbs.

In this state, and undergoing the same kind offices, I remained several days, constantly visited by my venerable attendant, and occasionally by a younger man, in the same singular garb. As soon as I was enabled to inquire, the elder unravelled the mystery, by informing me that I was within the hallowed walls of the Monastery of Alvernia, on the summit of one of the loftiest Appenines. It appears that the postillion, having recovered the use of his limbs, had reached the monastery in safety, where giving information of my deplorable condition, messengers with hounds were sent in quest of me, when I was discovered by one of the latter, and carried in a state of insensibility to my present asylum. For this recital I was indebted entirely to the elder monk, the younger never having, during the whole of his visits, spoke a word, but having

preserved a strange, and rather mysterious silence. I gradually, but slowly improved, and my observations became more inquisitive and acute. As a young traveller in search of adventures, and addicted to the marvellous, the young monk, to whose kindness I was so much indebted, could not but be an object of infinite speculation. Never shall I forget the noble expression of his countenance, which pronounced him at once of high birth, and exalted station. He appeared to be under the age of thirty, and was singularly handsome. His head was a model of grace, beauty, and intellectual expression; shaded by his raven hair and beard, it seemed a breathing Italian picture. He was above the middle height, and the exquisite proportion of his limbs was not entirely concealed by his monastic garb, the simplicity of which rather added to, than diminished his picturesque appearance; yet it was not personal grace alone that threw so wild an air of romance over his presence—it was the deep, though subdued melancholy, the prevailing expression of his countenance, which excited your curiosity, and rivetted your attention. There was a listlessness—a passive indifference to the objects around him, as if his mind was so thoroughly absorbed in the

past or the future, as to be unconscious of the present. It was only when he prayed, which he did frequently by my side, that the workings of his soul were expressed on his countenance. All his features were then lighted up with enthusiasm and a transient glory —when he fixed his eyes on the cross, they seemed illumined above mortality; and as virtue, if Virgil is right, is more acceptable when in a pleasing form, I thought it not presumptuous in me to hope that the Being whom he invoked, though regarding the lowest of his petitioners with an indulgent eye, would not regard less benignantly the prayers of one, who, though prostrate before Him seemed created to reign over his own species. My faith assured me that my prayers were heard, for I quickly regained the use of my limbs, though I still remained in a weak and debilitated condition.

The unvaried silence and impenetrable reserve of this young and mysterious being, prevented me from ever addressing him further than to express my gratitude for his benevolence, and it was not without difficulty that I obtained any information respecting him from the other monks. He was, as I learned, the Count di V———, the representative of one of the noblest fa-

milies in Italy, and one who, in the phraseology of the holy fathers, had given up his rank, titles, spacious domains, and all earthly ties, and all earthly vanities, for the love of God, and the good of Holy Mother Church. The cause they were ignorant of, without it originated, as they believed, from a disgust of the world, or an excess of religious zeal. Although previously accustomed to every luxury and indulgence that illimitable wealth could bestow, no brother was so rigidly severe upon himself, in religious fasts and observances, as this singular individual. This was the extent of what these venerable brothers were able or willing to communicate, and it inflamed, rather than abated my curiosity.

When I was sufficiently recovered to sit up in my chamber, the library of the monastery frequently beguiled my tedious hours. The Count, or, as he was now called, Father Eugene, to my great satisfaction, frequently accompanied me in my literary researches. At length his reserve gradually became less severe, and although our conversation was at first religious, yet, when we afterwards entered into more general subjects, I was delighted with the depth and penetration of his remarks, which, although invariably tinged with a sor-

rowful complexion, discovered a vigor and originality peculiarly his own. I was then young, and perhaps strangely enthusiastic; and although he seemed wedded to a monastic life, I had the vanity to suppose he did not object to my attempts at shaking off part of its monotony.

The similarity of our pursuits, and, in many respects, of our dispositions, created a mutual confidence. I at length adventured to inquire the events of his past life, and his inducements, or necessities, for leaving a world which would have regarded him as one of its brightest ornaments. For a while he seemed agonized with the feelings the question excited, till bursting from the cell, with an extravagance that was unusual to him, he exclaimed—"To-morrow, Signor, you shall know all." The night preceding that morrow was past by me in restlessness and deep excitement. Scarcely had my morning orisons been paid before Father Eugene was at my side. After he had affectionately inquired after my health, I reminded him of his promise—his countenance underwent a slight change, and he addressed me to the following effect:

"I am the descendant of an ancient and noble family. Being an only child, my parents thought them-

selves justified in entertaining the greatest expectations of me. On the death of my father, which occurred about my fifteenth year, I became the sole anxiety of a fond, but ill-judging mother. She beheld with enthusiastic delight the advancement I made in every kind of knowledge and accomplishment, and the hope that warmed her bosom was, that the name of V—— would not only descend untarnished, but acquire greater splendor from its inheritance by her son. These hopes were blasted—'twas I that destroyed them; these fond desires remained ungratified to mock their possessor. One act—one act alone—was the cause, and it is for me to tell the tale of my shame and misery.

"Hardly had I passed my three and twentieth year, when it was considered as a politic step, on account of my family and political influence, that an alliance should take place between myself and a female of equal distinction. The highest honors were within my reach—royalty itself deigned to notice me with smiles—but my heart and affections had long since been pledged in a more lowly sphere. The object of my wishes was the daughter of a deceased friend of my father, of a noble, though impoverished family, and who since had resided under my paternal roof, as the friend

and confidante of the Countess, my mother. Shall I speak of beauty? Oh! no; years have frozen the warm current of my veins—afflictions have subdued my spirit—long penances and severe mortifications have brought low all earthly desires—and yet, Francesca—(here his utterance seemed choked, but he immediately recovered himself, and continued)—pardon, signor, this weakness, ten long years have passed since that word has passed these lips; and now what a chord does it make vibrate!

"With a mind as exalted as her person was beautiful, no wonder I became deeply enamoured; nor was I regarded with a colder esteem, for the innocent girl loved me with a corresponding faith and enthusiasm. I see before me now that dark eye fired with passion, and melting with the tenderness of a first affection. Whiled away in this delicious dream, could I reckon the moments as they flew over my head? It became the surprise of all, particularly of the Countess, that I did not avail myself of the flattering prospects which were at my choice, till at length the true reason of my aversion, or insensibility, was whispered. The Countess did not remain long in ignorance, and with all the jealous rapidity of her country, she became alarmingly incensed against the innocent cause.

"Francesca soon felt the weight of her displeasure—she was expelled from the roof, under which my father, with his dying words, swore she should ever meet with protection. The despised and insulted girl took refuge in the house of a lady of distinction, who, being at enmity with my family, received her with exultation.

"Indignant at the cruelty of the Countess, I felt no longer reserved, but acquainted her of my determination of making the unfortunate Francesca the reparation I considered due to her, by acknowledging her as the future partner of my life and honors. I will not attempt to describe the angry and vindictive feelings with which this declaration was received; the Countess knew well the firmness of my resolution when determined, and unfortunately had recourse to some fiendish advisers, and eventually obtained her end.

"They saw that my affection for Francesca was the life-spring of my existence—the source from whence every impulse was dictated. Resistance, sophistry, and expostulation were exercised in vain—treachery alone remained—and *that* I did not escape. At first it was darkly intimated—(here his breath grew thick, and a convulsion seemed paralyzing his frame)—that the

conduct of Francesca was not so circumspect as I had imagined.—Hellish insinuation! could it ever take root in my breast? I rejected it with scorn—but it lay rankling in my heart, darkly hid, unknown to me. I believed that I had for her the tenderest and most boundless confidence, and if a feeling of doubt ever crossed my mind, it came in the garb of the fondest and most affectionate feeling for her welfare. Moved, though unconsciously, by the floating rumors circulated at her expense, which, though too indefinite and mysterious to meet and examine openly, made their way, and festered in my breast. Viewing every trifling action through the jaundiced medium of suspicion, I at last began to think that there might be some ground for the various insinuations of which she was the object—and though the belief was a poisoned dagger to my rest, to think she was aught else than what my fancy had painted, I still nursed it in the folds of my heart. Fine were the threads of which my luckless fate was woven —doubt succeeded to disquiet—and suspicion followed. Insensibly actuated by the malignant, though trackless falsehoods that were invented at the expense of her reputation, I viewed every token of her affection with distrust, and the fond confiding of her generous heart

with the withering eye of jealousy. By degrees I was tortured with the belief, that the caresses she lavished on me were not confined to me alone; and although it harrowed my heart to suspect her of infidelity, yet I felt the vulture gnawing there, in spite of every effort to dislodge it. The soul of love is confidence in its object—without this, it is an unholy fire which scorches while it warms, and withers the home it is cherished in. As my sentiments became less pure, my passions as rapidly increased. Poor infatuated girl! innocent as thou wast, with only the crime of loving, beyond restraint, the wretch destined to betray thee!

"Why do I linger over this scene of misery and guilt? my soul recoils at the recital, as at the committal. Could I share my name with one—could I take to my bed one—of whom a doubt existed? And yet, was I to be restrained from the possession of those charms which the damning voice of jealousy assured me were not withheld from others? No: she told me she loved me—that I was all to her. Could she deny me? I resolved on putting her protestations to the test. I poured forth my soul—ungovernable passion lent me language. I was answered only by tears and entreaties, which I regarded with mingled compunction and misgivings of

my purpose. I succeeded. I will hasten to a conclusion of a narrative so fraught with horror. The consequences attending her error soon made known to Francesca her wretched situation—she entreated—she hung upon me—and, with the scalding tears of misery, implored me to restore her to the world, ere she became a disgrace to it. Could I then suffer a feeling of doubt to enter my mind? Yet, influenced by conflicting feelings, again I refused—and, smitten to the heart by a reproachful look, for a while I forsook her.

"But the day of retribution drew near, and its thunder was impending over me; the situation of the betrayed Francesca was no longer confined to my own knowledge; every shadow now seemed to be substantiated—every idle rumor of former levity wore an air of reality—she had become a thing irrevocably dishonored, and contaminated with infamy—she was pitilessly turned from the only roof that sheltered her, to shame and to destruction.

"A spark of feeling yet haunted my breast, aye, one of affection also, though in vain had I endeavoured to stifle it, and it came in full force when the victim of my guilt was suddenly overtaken with the most appalling of its consequences. At this awful crisis, reason began

to exert her influence over me; I trembled for the past, but with a strong determination for the future. At last it was over—we were parents, but not a face of joy beamed on our offspring—Francesca fixed her eyes with a look of resignation towards Heaven, as if supplicating for, yet doubtful of, its forgiveness. Could I then entertain a doubtful feeling of her innocence? No: once more it illumined her countenance, but for the last time; her spirit seemed mingling with something of a purer nature. She addressed me in words so sad, yet so forgiving, that they still vibrate in my heart. She knew, she said, that I had doubted; but deemed it right ere she resigned her breath to its Almighty Giver to part with it in declaring that, if loving me beyond any thing else on earth—beyond even all that was amiable in her nature, which she had sacrificed for my happiness—was guilt, she was guilty. A proud yet unearthly expression seized her features, and seemed to declare her soul was lost in a contemplation of the loftiest nature; then suddenly casting her eyes towards me, with a look of tenderness and forgiveness, she pointed to her infant, and gently breathed—husband! thou art a father! * * *

Husband! Father! one moment, and wifeless and

childless the next. The ill-fated fruit of treachery breathed its last almost with its first breath—I saw it lying dead on the bosom of its mother—I gazed on those eyes which once looked up with so much affection to mine, now glazed, fixed, and insensible. I flung myself franticly on the bosom that sacrificed its peace for my happiness—I kissed again, and again, the cold lips that breathed with such fondness my name—I called myself her murderer—and felt I was such."

He uttered these words with an appalling vehemence, and then fell on his knees, covering his face with his hands. I heard the deep sobs burst from his breast, and saw his whole frame writhing with agony. Ere I could find utterance he rushed from his cell, and I never saw him afterwards.

THE MYSTERY.

A STAGE-COACH ADVENTURE.

"..Send those sad people
That hate the light, and curse society ;
Whose thoughts are graves, and from whose eyes continually
Their melting souls drop out, send those to me;
And when their sorrows are most excellent,
So that one grief more cannot be added,
My story, like a torrent, shall devour 'em."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

IT was on a foggy evening, in the beginning of a late year, that I felt a strange and uncontrollable impulse to witness the execution of a notorious malefactor, whose doom was fixed for the following day. Being unable to repress my curiosity, I made instant preparations for the journey, as the event was to take place a considerable distance from town. It was on one of those nights that our countrymen are said to have a more than usual *penchant* for a halter—wet, dark, foggy, and miserable—the heavens and the earth all seemed wrapped up in one melancholy gloom: the dogs, as

they perambulated the slippery pavement, dropped their ears, and crawled along with their tails between their legs, as if labouring under the heaviness of the atmosphere; while men, women, and children, glided almost imperceptibly through the fog, like vague and indefinite beings of another world. Piccadilly was a city of the dead; the entrance of the Burlington Arcade yawned like the gates of the Inferno, while the deep blood-tinge of the lights through the fog rendered the resemblance more fearfully striking. The horns of the coach-guards, and the shouts of the cads, seemed proceeding from invisible beings, for not an object was discernible at a yard's distance. All was darkness, chaos, and mystery. Nature and my own feelings appeared equally averse to the scene I was about to view, but swayed by some malevolent destiny, I persisted in my resolution; and, accordingly, took my seat outside, on the back of the coach, which set off immediately afterwards. Like the chariot of Phaeton, the vehicle appeared to dash unguided through the clouds, for neither coachman nor horses were visible. Not until we had reached the venerable town of Edmonton did I appear to be in possession of any one of my faculties; and then, what was my horror and

alarm at being startled by a deep and unmeaning whisper, in a most sepulchral tone, which seemed neither addressed to me, nor aught else that was visible. The voice was evidently close to my ear; and oh! miserable man, I could see nothing. Soon, however, a sudden jolt of the vehicle quieted my fears, by assuring me of the presence of another being, not a foot from me, whom the fog had till now rendered effectually obscure.

The whisper was again renewed, but the sounds, as if in unison with the scene, were all equivocation and mystery. I remained listening with a fearful and breath-drawn attention, till my ears caught broken syllables, such as, "the night"—"dark as h—"—"aye, trust me there;" a short diabolical laugh, or rather yell, interrupted the mysterious speaker; my heart fluttered within me—I could hear it knock against my ribs. There was evidently a desperate plot of theft or murder in contemplation, and I, by my silence, was a mute accessory; a pause ensued, and an opportunity presented itself; but what was I to do, a word might have cost me my life. Convulsed with agitation, I listened again—"Dickens must not know of the job, d—n him—he peached at the last assizes." "Aye, you

was near taking a swing, Jack"—a tremendous oath was here uttered aloud. After an awful chasm, this mysterious dialogue continued, and I caught the following words at intervals:—"Who holds the lantern? kegs—brandy—blockade." Delusive hope! they might be only preparing for a smuggling transaction. Alas! how soon was I undeceived. "What arms?"—"pops in prime order"—"cast the plums myself." "Ar'n't you afraid of Mother Grundy?" "No, d—n the old cat; she loves too well a drop"—of blood, I silently ejaculated. They were murderers then, indeed! I was stupefied with horror; I heard them press closer still; the low fiendish laugh smothered in their throats, but I could not catch a sound of their voices, so deep was their whisper; three words alone did I hear—three, but what volumes they spoke—"bury them afterwards." With breathless anxiety I waited for the reply, which was almost distinct—"in the gravel pit of the wood—no chance of ever being found out." At these awful words, which apparently conveyed the assurance of the performance of the bloody deed, the principle of life seemed annihilated within me, my knees knocked together, a cold sweat bedewed me, and I nearly fell off the edge of the coach. How long

this suspension of faculties continued I know not. On the first gleam of returning reason I found myself extended on the floor of an old-fashioned room; a rushlight in a lantern just served to render the darkness visible, and to enable me to discover that I was surrounded by groupes of great coats, piled into heaps, each of which continually sent forth a sonorous blast, much resembling snoring. So bewildered was my mind, that it was a long time before I discovered that I had arrived at an inn in the place of my destination, and was then in the traveller's room, which I presumed was made our dormitory, in consequence of all the beds in the house being engaged. In vain I endeavoured to settle myself to repose: the conversation I had heard on the outside of the stage still rung dolefully on my ears. Half sleeping, half waking, my imagination conjured up the scene I fancied about to be performed. I saw the victim "in my mind's eye" sleeping in imagined security—alas! for the last time. The murderers enter with looks of dark determination written on their features—the instruments sharpened—their edge seemed to grate on my ear—and in another moment plunged in the heart's blood of the wretched victim. I heard the parting cry of agony

sever the soul from the body. Merciful powers, can such things be? when a groan, breath deeply drawn, convinced me I need not court my imagination for horror. Hardly had another moment elapsed, ere I heard a deep sepulchral whisper, which seemed strongly to resemble that which I had heard on the coach—"Are you asleep, Jack?" "No: its the workings of that confounded"—conscience, I filled up the chasm with—"keeps me awake." "Such gripings" of remorse, uttered I to myself—(here another groan, long and deep, served to render the climax more horrible). "Wer'n't you concerned in the job on ——— Heath?" "All by chance." "How did he die?" "He struggled most infernally; I thought at first I hadn't hit the mark, but I am no bungler; prayed for his wife and children; told me the blood would be on my head; told me he forgave me with all his life and heart; asked me to shake hands. I asked his pardon, as much as one gentleman could do for another in such a case—(hideous levity!)—heard him choke like—and then—why, what then? he kicked the bucket."—Heavens! what a disclosure; did I live, did I breathe, and hear it given? It was not, however, all; the ruffian continued—"Never sent a finer fellow out of

the world since I began on my own account; neither watch in his fob, nor money in his pocket; half sorry I did the job; only got eight and sixpence for his clothes; kept the shirt myself, as I had none to wear; and my wife says I must dress like a gentleman, and cut up the waistcoat to make Tom a jacket. Even Ikey, who is a dab at the slaughtering business, confessed he never saw a job so genteelly done; not seven minutes and a half from—till all was over; he looked for all the world as if he was asleep; once I thought he opened his eyes—what a —— fright I was in."—"Who got the body?" (Another pause.) "Determined not to be done out of my *parsequites*—why, an't I a right to my honest earnings as well as—(here occurred the name of a celebrated commander) who kills fifty men where I do one?—I put him in a sack, and took it to the Blenheim Repository; Brookes gave me a five pound note, and two of the students offered more: but I like to be honorable." Heaven and earth, what a disclosure! "The deed was done!" He had confessed he was a MURDERER! The blood still was clotting in his hands; I looked in his face—'twas savage beyond description; a wild ferocity gleamed from his sunken eyes, while a grin of demoniacal meaning curled his

lips, and discovered his yellow and shagged teeth. I know not what I felt at the sight of this monster; my tongue stiffened; every drop of blood seemed to boil within me. Animated by a super-human impulse, in total disregard to my own safety, I seized the miscreant by his collar—"Wretch! outcast! speak; who and what are you?" "Me, master! you need not clench so hard; John Ketch, executioner to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, at your service!"

THE YOUNG LADY'S TALE.

> "And this is woman's fate:—
> All her affections are called into life
> By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
> Upon themselves, to perish, and her heart,
> Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,
> Is left to bleed or break."
>
> LANDON.

DURING the disastrous period of the rebellion in Scotland, a party of the chevalier's adherents were surprised by a detachment of loyalists. Although greatly inferior in regard to numbers and ammunition, these enthusiastic supporters of an almost hopeless cause determined not to yield while there remained a struggle to be contested. The odds were, indeed, fearfully against them; but as they knew death was the worst that could befall them, a fate which seemed terrorless in comparison to an ignominious defeat, every nerve was braced with the assurance that the die was about to be thrown, on which their certainty of victory or

disgrace depended. "We will conquer or die," said each to the other, and they dealt around them with a desperation, so heightened with despair, that declared they knew no other alternative.

Vehement as their endeavours were, the disadvantages to contend with were too insuperable to admit of even a qualified hope of success. Their ammunition had long been expended, and their broad swords were but a poor opposition to the powerful artillery of the enemy; still, inferior as their means of resistance became, they made terrific havoc. But it was to no purpose; not a discharge took place but a chasm followed in their little army, till they were reduced to so small a number, that to have attempted any further resistance would have been a voluntary suicide. The two first in command had already fallen, and only one field officer, and he very young, remained out of the number which had entered the field. Desperate as his situation was, he at first determined to throw himself on the enemy's sabre, till the remembrance that he might still be of service to the cause which he had adopted animated him with the hope of success; and, although fainting with the loss of blood, he set spurs to his jaded steed, and retreated towards

the wood, with such of his company as were able to follow.

The loyalists pursued, and offered them terms of capitulation; a fresh attack was their only reply. This was the last burst of their fury: it was goading the tiger in his den. Encompassed on all sides, and disdaining every qualified offer of clemency, they fell victims of their own lion-heartedness, which, reckless as it was, had it been excited with equal temperance of thought as enthusiasm, would have been sufficient to have carried down their names in the stream of immortality.

The young officer, Colonel Macfarlane, escaped, though not without a fresh wound, which, added to the many he had already received, rendered him careless of the duration of a life, which was no longer a blessing, while useless in the cause for which he had pledged it.

As the enemy had left him for dead, he lay in this deplorable situation for a considerable time, till either a return of strength, or the powerful energies of his mind, would not permit him to remain longer in a state of inactivity. With some difficulty he succeeded in mounting his favorite steed, and endea-

voured to gain the border of the wood, which, with the help of a cloak that a warm-hearted loyalist had spread over him, when he fell apparently lifeless from his horse, he hoped to clear undetected.

He had passed the confines of the wood, and had reached the domains of Sir Henry Macdonald, a zealous partisan of the royalists, when, in consequence of the severe exercise, and the irritation of his mind, his wounds began to bleed afresh; no longer able to support himself, he fell headlong from his horse, and there remained without sense or motion.

It happened that this spot was a wild and romantic glen, the favorite ramble of Flora Macdonald, the only remaining child of Sir Henry. She had lost her mother during her infancy, and had chiefly resided under the care of a maiden aunt, in the western islands of Scotland, till she approached towards womanhood, when her father, during the few intermissions of war, required the solace of her society. She was of a singular, yet most amiable temper. Unaccustomed from her infancy to any restraint in her education, being the very idol of her aunt, she indulged in all the eccentricities of her mind. It was her delight to shun the society of those the best adapted for her years, and in

rambling amidst the wild scenery of her native mountains, where, in listening to the legendary lore, and the ancient ballads of their superstitious inhabitants, associated with the romantic objects around her, she became more than ordinarily susceptible of those gentle feelings, whose keen edges are too frequently lost in a better knowledge of the world.

The young officer remained on the spot where he fell for above an hour, when his senses partially returned. On his opening his languid eyes, the first object that was presented to them was that of a young and beautiful female bending over him in a compassionate attitude. Her look, her smile, was that of a superior race of beings; and, as the white robes, so carelessly thrown over her, floated in the wind, he imagined either that he was in the world of spirits, or that Providence had sent one of his ministers to succour him in his helplessness. He was, however, soon convinced of his mistake, by her gently placing his head on a mould of earth, and gliding quickly from the spot. He strained his aching eyes for the last glimpse of her sylph-like form as it bounded through the glen, and only when it was totally out of sight did he feel emotions of hope and fear, which he could by no means

analyze. Were they inspired by the melting look of tenderness, the soft sigh that swelled her gentle bosom when he first beheld her, the thrilling touch of her small white hand, as she placed his head on the bank, or the exquisite expression of pity and sensibility that animated her beautiful countenance when she left him? "Is this a being of earth, or a spirit of Heaven?" he mentally exclaimed. His memory told him he had wandered much, and, as he had besides but an indistinct remembrance of the events of the preceding hours, he thought the figure was no more than a frail, though beautiful creation of his fancy. Indeed it was too bright for reality—too visionary to belong to the world.

The light steps of Flora quickly brought her to her father's mansion; breathlessly she entered the room where he was engaged in writing despatches of the memorable events of the day. "Why, how now—what ails you?" was his first exclamation. "Oh! father! rise, quick! Where's Evan? There's a cavalier bleeding to death in the glen—he appears as if he had been engaged in the horrid encounter of Glenmore."

The brave heart of the knight did not suffer him to wait till he heard whether he was a jacobite or a loyalist, but instantly prompted him to sally out with

Evan Douglass, a young brother soldier, and their beautiful guide, that he might offer succour and protection. As soon as they had arrived at the glen, they found the colonel insensible, and to all appearance dead. "Alas!" sobbed Flora, "we are too late; he must have died since I left him, for he has moved from the spot where I placed his head." "By his cloak I perceive he is a loyalist," said Evan; "there is one more stout heart added to the heavy list." "Not yet, my worthy Douglass; I hope that he may still recover, and, by the help of Flora's nursing, be yet a staunch defender of his king and country. But who can he be? these features have an air too noble to belong to an individual of inferior rank, and are too striking and handsome to have escaped our notice if he had been at Glenmore."

"There was an officer of the Pretender's party who fought as if Heaven and earth depended on his sword, and these features strongly remind me of him," replied Evan. Before they had time for any further examinations, Flora, who had flown back to the house, returned, with a host of servants bearing a couch, on which the soldier, seemingly a corpse, was conveyed to a chamber in her father's hospitable mansion. In those dangerous times, when Scotland was but thinly

populated, and the frequent encounters diminished its inhabitants, it may be supposed that medical assistance was difficult to be procured. Evan, who had been wounded in the affray, had had his arm dressed by the military surgeon, who immediately joined the remnant of the victorious army to head-quarters. He therefore very confidently placed himself under the care of the beautiful Flora, who had now two objects for the exercise of her medical knowledge. The stranger for a while did not appear likely to require any more assistance on earth, but by close attention he partially recovered his senses, to the manifest delight of his young nurse. In the meantime, from his uniform, it was discovered, to the visible disappointment of Sir Henry, that he belonged to the opposite party. To harbour a rebel in his house—to make it a receptacle for an enemy to his king, was, to the loyal heart of Sir Henry, as heinous a crime as any in the calendar. It was treason by the laws of his country to afford refuge to a partisan of the Stuart family, but yet it was repugnant to the laws of his Maker, and those of social life, to turn a fellow-being adrift in such a pitiable situation. Honor and conscience had a severe struggle, but the feelings of humanity triumphed over bonds of

authority; for he found it a vain attempt to reply to his daughter's prayers, and the young soldier's wounds, by quotations from acts of parliament. He at last determined to give what assistance he could to the officer, till he should be sufficiently recovered to seek another asylum. The improving appearance of the brave sufferer gradually repaid the beautiful eyes of his anxious watcher, who witnessed his recovery with a heartfelt and deeply-breathing interest. As the energies of his mind gradually developed, he became to her more and more engaging. Her soul, that first clung to him from the impulse of all the warmer feelings of a woman's nature, became fully tempered to receive a feeling equally intellectual and refined. His large dark eyes gradually assumed their wonted brilliancy, and his lovely attendant watched with unconscious delight the returning glow of his cheek. Sir Henry at length consented to hold some communication between his guest, when, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret, he discovered that their ancestors had formerly fought side by side, in the same glorious cause, and under the same standard—that of Prince Rupert, at the memorable battle of Marston Moor.

The invalid, as he increased in the good opinion of

his host, improved in his health and good looks, to the unconcealed satisfaction of his romantic little nurse.

With a disposition naturally enthusiastic, and too blandly susceptible of the kindlier passages of our nature, her feelings were evidently of a deeper glow than mere benevolence and philanthropy. No wonder that the unsophisticated mind of the girl should be so engrossed by its object. The situation in which he first engaged her attention, when pity and sympathy were naturally awakened in his favor—the gratitude, seemingly blended with the warmth of affection, which beamed from his eyes whenever he turned them towards her—his person, which to her was the *beau ideal* of chivalry and romance—all came in array against her judgment; and before she herself was conscious of it, she loved him with all the enthusiasm and tenderness which was inherent in her disposition, or which a woman can ever display in the delicate impulses of a first affection.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a feeling more innocent and refined than that which now became the life-spring of her heart. Had she but a moment reflected on the small prospect of their future felicity, she would have endeavoured to fortify her heart with

indifference, rather than abandon it to the contemplation of an object it could never obtain. She thought not of the likelihood of their union, or the probabilities of their separation; the heavenly delight of the present was all to her; and love knows not the avarice of foregoing the fleeting moment, in the anticipation of the years of future misery. As he gradually recovered his strength, her heart gladdened with innocent gaiety. She would gaze on the form, which, yet bending to her for support, was still a living ornament of the earth; and as she looked on the brow from which she had so lately removed the clammy dews of sickness, flushing with hope and returning vigor, she felt a secret glow of satisfaction and pride, of which she had, till then, been unconscious, and she blessed the power which had ordained her the agent of His benevolence.

When he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, she became his guide in the romantic neighbourhood, and related to him the traditions of her favorite bards, while he would cast a witchery round the scene, by the elegance of his mind and the blandishments of polished life, which, when exercised by him, seemed to lose their emptiness, and acquire a fascination and materiality.

In the simplicity of her wishes, she had asked for no more than a heart which would beat with the same impulses as her own, and to which she might transfer those thoughts and feelings which she withheld from others, from the apprehension of their being ridiculed as fanciful, or despised as unintelligible; and the boon seemed at length realized in a form which had already enamoured her fancy. O love! thou art, in the morning of youth, the herald of hopes too bright for reality; 'tis well thou art transitory, and the forerunner of misery, for were thy power here permanent, the heaven on earth would be so complete, that the heart of man would not believe there was another and more delightful sphere.

It was on one evening, when their steps had wandered to the very glen where she first saw him faint and helpless, that he seemed more than usually enthusiastic. He spoke of the everlasting obligations he was under to her—first, for her pleading on his behalf, and watching with unremitting attention, regardless of fatigue and confinement; and, in fine, for a thousand attentions that a stranger, not to mention an enemy, could never have expected. "Can I ever forget them? No! The vows of gratitude I have made are registered in Hea-

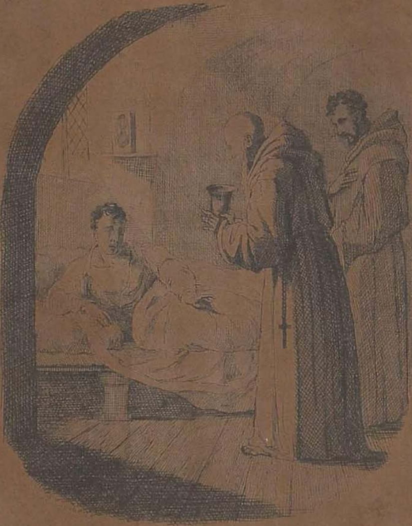
ven, where they will remain in evidence against me, should I ever prove cold or ungrateful." She glanced a look of implicit belief and unconscious affection, and listened with a glow of anxious feeling, when he said, in a tone betwixt gaiety and gravity, "That there was one, who, however weak he might be in expressing his sense of her kindness, would not remain silent or ungrateful, as the following day would testify." Who can this *one* be? thought the agitated girl;—he has seldom or never spoken of his family, but rather avoided the topic. He had mentioned that he had a father and a mother doatingly fond of him. It must be his mother; for who, she thought, was so likely to feel gratitude for the preserver of life as she who first nourished it. He had spoken of a sister too, on whose happiness his very life depended. "Oh!" she thought to herself, "how sweet, how enchanting it would be for his own sister to clasp me in her arms, and thank me with her own voice. How delicious the thought, to weep the full reward on her bosom!"

In rapturous expectation she counted the slow minutes till the arrival of the dearly anticipated being was announced. When the hour did approach how high her heart beat, till the noise of a carriage pro-

nounced the expected arrival. Macfarlane was present; and although she did not perceive that overwhelming expression of delight in his features, she thought he seemed restless and impatient. At length the door opened—she looked forward expecting to behold an aged matron, when a young and lovely female rushed into the room, and, exclaiming Edward, threw herself into the arms of the young soldier. "It is his sister—his own sister—how I long to clasp her to my heart."

The young lady had disengaged herself from the colonel's embrace, and as the happy enthusiast sprung forward to embrace her, he, with a firm and graceful spring, in the same deep and beautiful tones that first won her heart, exclaimed—"Miss Flora Macdonald, my wife." "His wife!" she uttered with a piercing shriek. "*His wife!*" and gazing on him with a look fraught with love, astonishment, and despair, she fell on her face. He raised her up, but she was of a death-like chill and whiteness; the blue veins of her neck seemed as if starting from her skin; he called immediately for assistance, and in another moment a crimson stream bubbled from her lips. Her father rushed in, and calling for his child, was just in time to see the last ebb of life departing—she had broken a blood

vessel. For a moment her eyes beamed a brilliancy almost superhuman; she moved her lips, and at length feebly uttered—"Your forgiveness, dearest lady; one kiss—'tis the first and the last. I have not wronged you." The agonized wife parted off the clustering ringlets from the forehead of the dying girl; and as her lips pressed the chilly surface she shrieked aloud. The father rushed forward, but the spirit of the injured one had fled to that home, where the coldness and selfishness of the world cannot enter, and where the best feelings will bloom free from deceit and disappointed hope.



MY FIRST APPEARANCE

ON

THE STAGE.

> "This is something like
> The entertainment of adventurous knights
> Entering enchanted castles."
>
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

It would be more tedious than amusing to trace the source from which my love of the stage originated. If I could be indebted to instinct for it, I believe such a circumstance probable. It was not an overweening attachment, it was a passion, a part of my existence. Ere I trod a board (I was not a mere Mr. ——,) I was by turns an Othello, a Pierre, a Timon, or a Brutus; I appeared not to possess a thought of my own, or at least one that was not gathered from my favorite study. I moved—I acted—on an imaginary stage, and peopled it with beings of my mind's own fashioning.

The profession for which I had originally been in-

tended, was the least likely to rivet a fluctuating mind, or captivate an imagination which had been permitted to riot in all the loose luxuriance of intellectual dissipation. That I shook off its trammels, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth in pursuit of my favorite occupation, will not surprise you. In true devotion to the tragic muse, I determined on encountering all the sufferings and vicissitudes that her votaries are doomed to experience, ere their hopes are crowned with even qualified success. Although the scene *is* acted, I feel no inclination to recount the privations of a provincial actor—let the curtain fall over their remembrance. My performances had been limited to a few private rehearsals, or village displays; and though the applause was pretty freely administered, I did not ascribe it to any individual merit, but rather as an unction to a propensity my friends must have discovered to have been irradicable.

This want of confidence in my own abilities might have arisen from that refinement of taste my enthusiastic love of the drama had acquired—I therefore, unlike the generality of censors, viewed my own faults with so miscroscopic an eye, that I candidly admit despairing of obtaining any thing like eminence in the

profession I had so prematurely adopted. Thus excluded by my own precipitateness from the path of life for which I had been educated, and finding that to which my inclinations led me of the most precarious nature, I became extremely dejected. Abandoned through my own folly by my family, and looked upon by individuals in every way inferior to myself with an eye of distrust or contempt, I deeply repented of the step I had taken. But still the wandering light that had first led me astray was the star which shed a brightness over all my hopes and prospects. To return to my family was impossible, the submission they required I considered greater than my error, and more than my uncurbed spirit had been accustomed to brook. It was under the influence of these feelings that I was called on to play Jaffier in a barn, near L——, in ——. The character well agreed with the morbid temperature of my mind, overshadowed as it was by disappointment, and defeated expectation. Like Jaffier I felt a glow in my soul perpetually warring with the clay it inhabited, and could with him reproach nature for permitting it to crave for

> "All the thoughts and elegant desires
> Which fill the happiest man,"

when its hemisphere was clouded by adversity and penury. Thus imbued with a predisposition for the character, I entered very fully into its spirit, with which my own feelings too well accorded, so that in uttering the language and sentiments of Jaffier, I felt I was giving vent to emotions that had till then been buried within me, for want of a sufficient power to grant them deliverance. In short, I completely identified myself with the great original. Fortune when apparently most coy is in reality most willing; like the Iris, she only loses one hue, to give space for another more beautiful. On this very evening, the leading proprietor of one of our Metropolitan theatres happened to be a witness of my performance. Knowing him to be a man of sound taste and judgment, his presence at first embarrassed me: but I found it, as the play proceeded, a stimulus to greater exertion. On the conclusion, to my equal surprise and joy, he paid me a visit behind the scenes, and, after passing a handsome compliment on my abilities, inquired whether I felt sufficient confidence in them to make a trial on the London boards. Prompt and unexpected as this proposal was, I had presence of mind enough to admit of no other disinclination than a fear of my success. The

following morning he renewed his inquiries, promising a handsome engagement, should my first appearance equal his expectations, of which he did not appear to entertain any doubt. I need not say that this repetition of his offer had any other effect than of my immediately accepting of it; and bidding my companions in obscurity adieu, I mounted the coach for London, bearing with me an exceedingly light purse—(with a rather unusual companion) a still lighter heart. As the vehicle bowled along, I felt my blood dance in my veins, and the first prospect of the metropolis, which was shortly to be the "be-all and the end-all" of my hopes and fears, caused emotions as various as they are indescribable.

Taking lodgings near the theatres, and as the other house opened a short time previous to the one at which I was to make my first essay, I became a constant auditor, for the purpose of avoiding any particular mannerism, or provincialism, I might have acquired in my previous erratic career. I found the theatrical public was in a tiptoe expectation, from the announcement of "the first appearance of a gentleman in one of Shakspeare's most popular plays;" and as the day—the ominous day—drew near, I felt suspended like the

coffin of the Moslem prophet, between the heaven of hope and the earth of disappointment.

At length the day, "big with the fate of" my future fame or obscurity, was ushered in by as villanous a fog as ever damped the energy of a child of fortune. I had been perfect in my part weeks before: there was not a point or a sentence but for which I had different readings, and each seemed so appropriate that I knew not on which to decide. Scarce had the sun rose, red and heavily, when the clanking of pattens in the street, and the darkness of the air, assured me that the weather had in some degree contributed to my depression. Faint and feverish from the want of repose, for the little sleep I had obtained was so mingled with imaginary groans, hisses, and catcalls, that it rather distracted than soothed my mind. The first thing I did after dressing was to seize the play in which "all my hopes lay buried." I had mechanically placed it under my pillow the preceding evening. Never did the hours appear to fly so quick as on this eventful day. The rehearsal passed off like a matter of business. I could perceive from the intelligent glances which were ever and anon bestowed upon me, that I was the subject of the many whispering groups

that were scattered on the stage. The evening drew on rapidly, and instead of endeavouring to collect my ideas for the trying scene in which I was about to take so conspicuous a part, I continued pacing the floor of my little sitting room, till I had worked myself into a ferment of conflicting feelings. The church clock at length chimed six, the hour at which I should have entered the theatre; a condemned malefactor could not have listened with more mute horror to his death-knell than that which pervaded me at the moment. My high-flown expectations at once deserted me, and I would have given up the little I had "in possession or expectancy" of the world's goods to have freed myself from the trial I was about to undergo. There was no time, however, for reflection, but throwing myself into a hackney-coach, which was waiting at the door, I ordered the driver to carry me to the theatre. Till now these gentlemen had invariably received my most hearty curses for their tediousness—this one appeared to have a spite against me for my unamiable opinion of his brotherhood, and drove rapidly up to the stage door. It seemed scarcely a moment since I quitted my own dark little chamber, before I found myself transported into a brilliantly lighted dressing room, which had been pre-

pared expressly for my reception. Mirrors from the ceiling to the floor, perfumed wax emitting a brilliant and flattering light, represented a fairy scene to my bewildered eyes, while the half dozen attendants who were employed in decorating my person seemed like so many silent spirits to assist the delusion. When the operation of dressing was concluded, I entered the Green-room, and endeavoured to throw an air of carelessness over my manners, which the most inexperienced could have detected was assumed. 'Twas a vain attempt—I was the object of attention of every person present—every eye was directed to me. Equally vain were my endeavours to converse familiarly with my friends, they all seemed trying to give me encouragement, of which I must have palpably stood in need. The business of the stage commenced, performer after performer quitted the room—how I envied the perfect *nonchalance* with which they received the call, and how I trembled at the very expectation of hearing my own name uttered, which I knew a very few minutes would accomplish. I repeated fifty times to myself the first words. I impressed on my mind the peculiar emphasis and gesture I should make use of, till the call-boy gave me notice that "my *moment* was

come." I was conducted to the side scenes by my friends, one of whom slapped me on the shoulder. I needed something to rouse me, every spark of self-possession had fled; suddenly making a desperate effort, I rushed forward, but instantly drew back, as if I was entering the portal of an enchanted palace; "foolish," exclaimed some voice, not "loud, but deep;" it was my friend the manager, who immediately pushed me, as it were, on the stage. Before I was well aware of my situation, I was fairly in the front of the house, the solitary unit, for I know not how many thousand pairs of eyes to gaze at. What was my horror at that moment! An audible buzz went through the house, and an awful stillness succeeded. Oh! awful to me beyond language! The glare of light prevented me from looking up: and when I did, I saw my brethren on the stage eying me with a most inquisitive vigilance; how poor at that moment appeared to me the fame, the riches, of the world, in comparison with their self-possession and consummate coolness. A film seemed to float before my eyes—I felt as if I was reeling—an hysterical affection swelled my throat, not a word could I utter. My pitiable situation at once aroused the feelings of a genuine English audience—they saw the emotions under

which I was laboring—the stillness was broke, and an animating round of applause filled the house. In the midst of this tumult I felt the energy of my mind return. Lifting my eyes from the boards to which they had been till then rivetted, I looked around, and seeing none but encouraging faces, the spirit of hope entered my veins—every faculty was sharpened—and when the applause had subsided, I delivered the few lines I had to repeat with as much effect as I did the day preceding before a looking glass. I was not long left in doubt of the nature of my reception. As the performance proceeded the house was occasionally shaken with acclamations. The stage, which seemed at first to me the field of alarm and dismay, now was the arena of triumph, and I trod it with the feelings of a victorious hero. My death-scene was the proudest hour of my life, for it was there that the general enthusiasm discovered itself, and I was carried from the stage, thoroughly intoxicated with my complete success. Yet still the cup of my happiness was to be crowned with a more sparkling brim. After the play a general call resounded for my appearance. I entered again on the stage: but how different were my feelings. The audience rose—the house reverberated with

applause—hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and my name sent up, as it were, by a thousand voices to the skies. The play was given out, and I rushed from the stage, revelling in all the delirium of a highly excited imagination.

Years have rolled away, but the features of that eventful night are as vivid as ever in my memory. The same icy fears run through me, the same buoyant hopes excite me, and the same acclamations tingle on my heart at the retrospection. The fever of youth and fancy has fled, and age has chilled the warm current of my blood, but never till the latest hour of my life can I forget MY FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE!

THE TEMPLAR'S STORY.

The two brazen heroes of St. Dunstan's were hammering the hour of eleven, one Easter Monday morning, as the sun, brilliantly peering through the dusky avenues of the Temple, beheld me most busily employed with my breakfast at my chambers in Brick Court, endeavouring in vain to get through the leading article of "The Times," and the second dilution of my chocolate. "Grimalkin and Buller's Nisi Prius" lay snug on the hearth-rug—an unfinished draft, with Chitty on Pleading, was open before me, more inviting than agreeable; my outer door was shut, and, being holiday time, I had given Peter leave to see his aunt at Bermondsey. So I determined upon excluding all morning calls, and to apply myself most soberly and industriously to business.

Well, with this commendable resolution I took up the neglected draft—sighed over the many interlineations—yawned thrice—and mended my pen; and then most comfortably found out I was not in the humor

to begin. Immediately as this unfortunate discovery was made, a loud rapping at the door, with sundry kicks and curses, proclaimed the near approach of my friend Volatile. "It's no use," exclaimed I, with something between a sigh and a smile, "business is over for the day," and so saying, I unbarred my door, and in stepped my friend.

Ned is one of those kind hearted beings, the very scarecrows of studious and well disposed young men (like me)—who will neither work themselves, nor let their friends work. "What—why—what the d——l ails you? you look as yellow as if you had been at an alderman's feast, or a lecture on anatomy. Oh! I see how it is—doors fast without; caution in opening them within; shoulders sensitive of the tap; you not only follow the law, but I apprehend the law follows you. For shame, just upon twelve o'clock, with your morning gown and slippers on. "I made my apology—much to do—had been a sad rake the previous week—and determined on that day to turn over a new leaf, and at once begin the work of reformation." "Work! Hear it, ye gods! and ye Cheapside apprentices! Was there ever such a thing heard of? Work on an Easter Monday! Why, man alive, there has not a mop been

twirled—a statute been conned—a wig powdered—or a black letter dusted—

> 'For this is the day for fun and frivolity,
> Laughter, love, and jollity.'

Work I am determined you sha'n't. You have often made me industrious against my will, and now for once I'll make you idle against yours. For shame—look at the sun peeping over the sooty chimney pots, and through your dirty windows—to stay in doors on a day like this." "But, my dear Ned, where shall we go to, there's nothing but holiday apprentices and tailors' journeymen abroad. If we have a drive, we shall be blinded by the dust—it is too warm for a canter, and too cool for a sail—why I would as leave stay at home and play at scratch-cradle with my sister, card bobbin for my aunt, or read Tyrwhitt's Digest, or Bacon's Abridgment, from beginning to end." "No, sir, all the world except you and I are at Greenwich, and there we shall go."

"Greenwich!" exclaimed I, with a legitimate shudder—"Greenwich on Easter Monday! Why not say at once the Lord Mayor's ball, or a squeeze in the Opera gallery on a Catalani night. Shade of the departed Coke! plead thy votary's cause."

But all this expostulation, argumentation, and invocation, was of no avail; Volatile knew too well how to bother a jury, rather than give up his point. So what with his raillery and logic on one side, and laziness, with her bland persuasion, on the other, I was nonsuited in one minute, and suited with holiday attire in the next, and with Ned, all joy, anticipation, and waggery, left my study; not forgetting to leave a note for the laundress when she came, according to the established rule in those cases, to say I was gone to a consultation—nor to stick on the outer door, "return immediately."

"Why, confound it, Peregrine, your door that but a few minutes ago stood as upright a defence against the attacks of a bailiff, or dun, as the sentinel at the Horse Guards, now *lies* most deplorably."

"Never mind, it is not the first time it has saved its master's lips, and given yours an opportunity of passing a rascally pun."

So punning and talking, and quizzing, and laughing, we reached Billingsgate. "Now what in the name of wonder," exclaimed I, "do you mean by bringing me here? Are we to be joined by any ladies of your acquaintance?" Fishfags with baskets overflowing with

soles and maids; watermen with boats sinking with bodies and no maids—"Boat, Gemmen—Boat, Gemmen," cried fifty voices at once, all anxious to secure a couple of such respectable passengers. "Just going off," cried an impudent son of the oar, with a striped cotton shirt and holiday corduroy breeches. "Two devilish fine girls already in, Gemmen," most suspiciously winking his eyes, as if he had discovered the frail sides of our composition; such a temptation was irresistible, and in we got by the side of the damsels aforesaid, who, to do them justice, were not undeserving of the waterman's panegyric.

Of one in particular I must make "honorable mention," as having a certain pair of dilated hazel eyes, which I shall dilate more upon hereafter. Ned, who possesses the admirable and useful art of making himself at home in whatever company he mingles, did not find it a difficult matter to worm himself into the good graces of the prettiest of the girls, allowing me his full sanction to do the best I could with the other. I had already fallen into a brown study, when a slap on the shoulder reminded me I was not in Brick Court. "Now, for the sake of all that's agreeable, discard that lengthened visage. Why, could not you for once 'cut the

shop? You are like a Manchester rider, who always carries his patterns wherever he goes. Flesh and blood, Peregrine, how can you sit with your hands and knees up, as if you were receiving judgment, or about to be put in the stocks for a misdemeanor. One would think that the reflection of such a pair of eyes as those beside you were a little better to muse on than a problem of Euclid, or one of Mansfield's judgments, which I dare swear is the subject of your present profound cogitation."

Our other companions were a rough hewn weather beaten Greenwich pensioner, and a thorough bred cockney, in his Sunday's suit of dittos, whom I at once, from the interesting simplicity of his conversation, set down for no less a personage than the immortal Jemmy Green. Our discourse turned upon the abolition of fairs near the metropolis. The cockney very pathetically lamented the deal of wickedness that was always going on there, and was not at all sorry they were all to be put down. Greenwich, he was of opinion, would last for ever, and was licensed by *Magnay's Carter*, a legislator whom I could not at that instant call to mind. These aristocratical opinions put the John Bull's blood of the veteran into a ferment, who was ready to take his oath

"the good old king" would not have let the *statue* pass—he was of opinion that the poor had a right to be happy as well as the rich. In this opinion I and Ned, although no radicals, most cordially coincided. "But hang it," said the sailor, "while I eat his Majesty's bread, I should not grumble at his laws." The hazel eyes gave it as her opinion, that fairs were not of much mischief, and she thought that if they were over before it was dark there would be none at all.

The cockney now became the butt of the company. After inquiring whether the water was salt at Greenwich, by a natural association of ideas he narrated, with a considerable pathos, the narrow escape he had in the Margate Hoy when she sprunk a leak, and how full the *hole* was of water, and many other particulars of the dangers he had undergone. Having expressed his determination not to visit the fair for the sake of avoiding the "orrid vimmen" that frequented it, he favored us with a pleasing detail of his bravery in rescuing his cousins when they ran too far in the sea on the Brighton coast.

Just as he had related this last achievement, a clumsy, or else mischievous boy, who was rowing along a heavy ship's boat, managed to run foul of our wherry.

The girls, anxious for the boat to go forward, although we had no sail, set up a *squall*, while the cockney, without a spark of that heroism which animated him on a former occasion, made an *entrechat* that would have done no discredit to Mr. Bologna or Madame Saqui; and, as Lord Duberly would say, was "in the twinkling of a bed-post" in a barge some five or six feet distant. One would hardly have thought it possible, interesting as his society had been, his sudden disappearance could have occasioned such great concern, so much so, that I can verily affirm all of us were near going after him; for his absence created on one side of the boat such a great disproportion in regard to ballast, as to immerse the defective side pretty tolerably in the water. However, by the dexterous and timely movements of Ned and the waterman, we were soon restored to our equilibrium, I being at the moment engaged with the hazel-eyed beauty, who had managed to faint most appropriately in my arms. Mr. Jemmy Green having discovered that all was safe, condescended to occupy the seat he had so unceremoniously abdicated, receiving from all present the most flattering congratulations on his amazing dexterity, admirable courage, presence of mind, and above all for his bene-

volence of feeling, which induced him to hazard the lives of six of his fellow creatures for the sake of saving his own precious person a wetting. The poor animal bore his blushing honors thick upon him, and began, I think, to wish we were all at the bottom, or he any where else than where he was; the girls were most unmercifully severe, one asked him whether he had taken lessons from Signor Antonio, the rope dancer, the other thought it was distressing to see people laboring under such exquisite sensibility, and thanked him most cordially in the name of her sex for the gallantry he had evinced in making his glorious exit. The waterman and the veteran gave him some pretty hard rubs, while Ned and myself found our satire would be thrown away on such an apology for a man. "Poor devil," whispered Ned to the maiden at his side, "he looks as if he had escaped from one calamitous death to meet with another more severe; 'tis really too bad of you—no sooner has he escaped from drowning, but you must begin to *roast* him alive."

This "romantic incident" occupied our thoughts and conversation until we arrived at Greenwich, when the ladies not finding their brothers where they did *not* expect to meet them, consented to employ the idle

arms of Ned and your humble servant, and in this manner we sallied to the fair. And here a scene awaited our wondering eyes, that fully repaid us for the distance and dangers we had encountered and undergone. To one like myself, only accustomed to gloom and monotony, or the dull propriety of fashionable amusements, it was doubly gratifying. Look where you would, there was nothing to be seen but joyous faces; youths with their lasses bounded by us with buoyant steps and merry eyes, and all near and afar off seemed to be divided into two classes, and actuated by a double principle—to be happy, and to make happy—the one to empty their purses, the other to fill theirs. The spirit of joy soon entered my veins—and for what? I could see nothing there that could gratify a taste accustomed to enjoyments more intellectual and refined. What were to me all Mr. Gyngell's conjurations, or the bewitching grimaces of Mr. Richardson's fool, which formed the centre of attraction for all the gaping bumpkins and adventurous citizens in the fair. Alas! Mr. Paap, little as he was, had for me not the smallest charms; nor did the Swiss Giantess, like the immortal Portia, "towering above her sex," although, undoubtedly, in herself a *very great* curiosity, excite in me the least.

No—the freshness of my heart's young spring had long since been withered up in the pursuit of harsh and *abstract* studies. Its energies had been cramped from the effect of inspiration—not at the fountain of Hippocrene, but by one far less romantic, though not less dear—the venerable spout of Garden Court, Inner Temple; I could therefore only account for my hilarity by supposing that happiness, like misery, is infectious. Having seen all that was to be seen, we went to the park, where new pleasures awaited us. "Let them talk as they will of the cockneys," cried Ned with enthusiasm, "if they admire Greenwich Park, they have no need to read Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful." It was indeed delightful, the sky was cloudless, and for the season of the year, unusually brilliant, as if a higher Power loved to contribute towards the happiness of his children. The sun seemed on this occasion to put forth his most gladdening aspect, spreading light and life on a scene, which, without his beam, would be darkness and sorrow; in short, not to be too sentimental, nature, as if to be in keeping with the scene, had dressed herself in her holiday apparel, and I thought I had never seen her look more lovely.

It was here that England's Maiden Queen coquetted

with those gallants of old, the Sydneys and Raleighs—it was here that the chevalier performed that master-stroke of gallantry, of making his velvet cloak a clean passage for the feet of his royal mistress, and also a path towards his own fortune. Could I retread the spot without a glow of that chivalrous feeling which warmed his breast, and wishing myself another Raleigh with an Elizabeth at my side, for whose royal feet I might perform a similar service. In short, from a dull calculating being, I became just as buoyant and light-hearted a sprite as ever Easter sun shone upon.

The galaxy of attraction seemed to be the foot of a hill, which many gay youths and maidens attempted in vain to ascend, invariably rolling down again as soon as they had reached half way, reminding me of the too frequent fate of those youthful aspirants who endeavour to climb a certain other hill, more inviting, and seemingly less inaccessible, and which hill, gentle reader, if you have not yet found it out, is Parnassus.

Among the feminine part of the assembly, there seemed an amiable rivalry who could display the prettiest ankle; and, ah! if they did not blush, I am sure I did for them, for I thought it was also a contest among them to show whose swain had presented her

with the smartest garters. The hazel eyes seemed quite shocked at the want of decorum some of her sex displayed, and to save her blushes, and my eyes, we hastened from the unhallowed spot. When we had reached the top of the hill, the view amply repaid me for all the enticements we had resigned in its favour. The Surrey hills in the rear clothed with verdure, looked with a kind of motherly air on the country around us. At our feet ran old Father Thames, bearing many a noble vessel on his broad bosom. To the left, where St. Paul's, in all its glory, divided the obscure clouds, peering boldly above the pigmy steeples around it, was London. And thou! great source of wealth, honour, infamy, and crime! I had already uttered, when a smart push in my back put an end to this promising soliloquy, to my indescribable terror, and doubtless to the reader's satisfaction. I was off my legs in an instant, and experienced one of the most delightful tumbles it was ever the fate of man to endure. Down I rolled through bramble and brier to the unspeakable damage of my nankeens, and at last fell, not only against my inclination, but also against a regiment of ginger beer bottles, which, as if to welcome my arrival, spurted forth their contents most properly

over my unfortunate person. As soon as I could open my eyes, I was forced from modesty's sake to close them, for what should I see but my luckless companion—the hazel eyes—following my example with the utmost celerity. A gentle breeze, as if to accelerate her progress, had sprung up, and her frock, or some other part of her dress, the name of which I forget, formed a sail, which was soon extended in the air, and displayed—Oh! I shall never forget—one of the prettiest formed ankles on which I ever gazed or made verses. On looking up for the cause of this pleasantry, half a dozen merry girls, who seemed to make light of my misfortune, convinced me that Greenwich Park, on a fair day, was not a fit place for making soliloquies.

The day was now fast wearing away, and a sombre twilight gleamed through the avenues formed by the trees, when our fair companions, who had not yet found their brothers, thought it time to leave the joyous scene. Accordingly, being foiled in our desire of obtaining any other conveyance, the young ladies consented to wave their scruples, and venture once more in the same conveyance that brought us there. The last one was just putting off, with a complement of seven lively souls, and what is more, as many sub-

stantial bodies already seated. Having no other choice, regardless of the risk we were running, we consented to make up the eleven. Already within an inch or two of the water, our friend, the boatman, discovered we wanted another to balance the vessel. A ponderous citizen, and his no less respectable wife, who, judging from the alteration they made in the boat, I should have imagined were of much *weight* in the City, as undoubtedly they were every where else, consented to make up the deficiency. Without more delay, we set forward, and although some of the ladies were perpetually assuring us the boat was upsetting, we reached nearly half way without any accident occurring, when I verily believe, as a matter of pique, that they should not be again disappointed, our pilots managed to come in contact with a vessel, the darkness of the night preventing our seeing her, she having no lights. A general scream, which was the first intimation I received, followed a volley of oaths, and "Keep your seats" from the watermen. Disregarding this friendly advice, all simultaneously rose, and a cold bath, more refreshing than agreeable, immediately made known to us the consequence. I must confess at the moment I thought it was all over with us, though,

had it been unattended with danger, I am sure the scene would have excited the risible faculties of one far more stoical than myself. The citizen was floundering about half in and half out of the water, like a huge turtle in an ocean of gravy, while his *cara sposa* had, as the only thing she could cling to, got fast hold of his pigtail. At the moment, I do most conscientiously affirm, he thought she was the evil one, and that for once the devil had got his due. "Spare me—O! spare me!" he ejaculated most fervently. One of the watermen, in endeavouring to succour a child, had each of his legs seized on by different girls, while the rest of the passengers were employed in screaming, praying, swearing, and fainting, creating such a variety of sounds, as to defy Babel itself for discord. By this time a number of boats had come to our assistance, and upon a general muster (God be praised) we found "that all was right." Most of us were pretty well frightened and soaked; with this exception, and the loss of a few fairings, wigs, and handkerchiefs, no other damage had ensued. The whole party, like a troop of Naïads, dripping in all directions, made the best of their way to a public-house, where a good fire, and change of linen, plenty of jokes, and a *quantum*

suff. of brandy, put us in rather better humor than might have been expected after this disaster. Many, indeed, seemed quite delighted in having the ride (and the bath) for nothing, as the waterman had most miraculously disappeared as soon as the other boats had offered their assistance. Ned and myself were fortunate enough in procuring a chaise, in which we conveyed our fair charges to the doors of their respective mammas, and then made the best of our way towards the Temple, within whose hallowed walls we arrived safe, just as the watchman had ushered in Tuesday morning.

The water had cooled Ned's courage most completely; not a pun could I get from him all the way home, nor, in fact, any thing else but a twenty times' repeated determination not to trust his precious person again in a wherry along with a drunken waterman, nine full grown people, and five children.

sort of beauty, put us in rather better humour than might have been expected after this disaster. Ning, indeed, seemed quite delighted in having the ride (and the lark) for nothing, as the waterman had most mysteriously disappeared as soon as the other boats had afforded their assistance. Ned and myself were fortunate enough in procuring a chaise, in which we conveyed [illegible] we made the best of our way towards the Temple, within whose hallowed walls we arrived safe, just as the watchman had ushered in Tuesday morning.

"The history of the sad Ned's courage [illegible] completely, not a sum could I get from him all the way home, nor, in fact, any thing else but a twenty times repeated determination not to trust his precious person again in a wherry along with a drunken waterman, some full grown people, and two children."

THE WANDERING JEW.

"My punishment is greater than I can bear:—Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth."—GENESIS.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Hundreds of times has the earth been emptied of her people—hundreds of times has it been filled and emptied again—thousands of times has nature changed her countenance, have her fields been exhausted and regenerated, and the children of her soil bloomed, fructified, and dropped from the tree of life—and yet I remain undecaying and imperishable. O! grave, where is thy victory? O! death, where is thy sting? Over me ye have none—the curse of God lies withering on my brow, and yet consumes me not. I have seen my children and my children's children, generations upon generations of my own blood, come into life, spin through the measure of their years, and at last moulder in the dust. I remain as a pyramid in the desert, over which time has no power, and the breath of the whirlwind passes heedlessly away—yet even that I am doomed to outlive. The past, the present, and the future, with me have no distinction—all are blended

in one—the strides of ages bring me not nearer eternity—in a circle of misery I pace the wretched path of my existence, ever ending where I began. Cities crumble to dust, nations die away, and are forgotten-empires pass away like meteors—and yet I exist without change. With me, nature has no connecting link. I am a thing set apart from the world, and yet doomed to dwell within it, with all the vain wishes and uncontrollable desires of mortality—with all the misery of humanity, I am neither mortal nor human. Oh! ye Heavens, whose breath fells the forest—the light of whose eyes levels the monuments of ages with the dust—why am I exempt from your wrath? In vain do I court the forked lightning as it wings its rapid flight through the air. In vain do I mock the thunder; it growls not for me—it will not crush me. All life has an end—the plants of the fields return to their creating dust, the flowers perish, the rivers dry up—even the very worms die—but I live. Yea, have I not lived to see all that is dear to me drop away one by one, and at last leave me childless, friendless, and loveless—the curse of God written on my forehead—a wanderer on the face of the earth. Oh! earth, hide me—Oh! hell, open wide your gates to receive me.

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A. M. 4480.

Rome is fallen!—the grass grows over the mistress of the world!—the temple of God is shattered!—and the beasts of the field, the toad, and the things obscene are crawling over its columns. The wind murmurs its hollow notes among the ruins, as, through the dark branches of the cypress, I catch the dying evidence of all that was once noble in nature and art—I revel on the scene before me, and roam like a ghost through the scenes of by-gone splendor. The halls of the mighty are the homes of the croaking ravens—the bats flit through the vistas of palaces—and the snail leaves its odious slime in the bower of beauty. The owl screeches in the banquet-room, which once resounded with the music of home returned warriors. All nature is rapidly returning to itself, and leaves me as before. Is there no earthquake to swallow me—no thunderbolt to crush me—no meteoric flash that will blast me and my name from earth for ever?

EGYPT, A. M. 4961.

On this day I enter into my thousandth year. The links of my destiny are like the sands on the sea-shore, as countless and as inseparable. With me, the roll of a

century is what the turn of an hour glass is to others, and yet each moment lingers as slowly. On this frowning promontory will I gaze on the world at my feet—that world of which I am the only thing that will exist as long as itself. Even thou, great ocean, which I now barely discover at the verge of the horizon, five hundred years hence rolled at my feet on the spot where I am now sitting; thou, even thou, retreatest with the footsteps of Time—over me, his scythe can plough no furrow. What, not one indication of age have a thousand years of toil, wretchedness, and torture brought. In the bloom of manhood I remain, with the canker of despair ever gnawing on my vitals. My soul is as a sepulchre in which all corrupteth, but itself remaineth whole.

A. M. 5083.

Joy! joy! Vesuvius is in a roar already—I hear the hoarse croakings of the wind—already I draw in the close pestilential air—already my ears drink the growling of the coming thunder. The head of the volcano is lost in the black clouds that surround it, which will break only to discover the horrors they are concealing. All nature seems choaked—her operations are sus-

pended—the vegetation is withered and drooping—the leaves fall off in showers from the trees—the birds drop from their perches—the cattle lie panting in the scorched fields—the peasantry fly in wild affright from their homes, without daring to look behind them—mothers forsake their babes—and lovers trample over the bodies of their betrothed. I alone stand unmoved, and with a savage glee behold the desolation around me, and wait the approaching triumph. The thunder ceases—the lightning no longer flashes—the air becomes closer and hotter—the course of nature is stagnated—what means this fearful pause? The truth breaks in upon me—the volcano roars—the clouds around it disperse in wild disorder—showers of electric sparks light the earth to witness the deadly horrors—huge masses of burning rocks, torrents of stones rush from the crater, and make the air reverberate with their collision. As far as the eye can reach all is of a bloody dye—louder becomes the thunder—the air is filled with the crater's furious discharges—and yet something more dreadful seems approaching. The broad glare of the flames, to which the meridian splendor of the day is as midnight, the shrieks of the living, and the howls of the dying, tell that the climax of horrors has arrived. The lava bursts forth in a mighty

stream, carrying before it trees, beasts, men, villages, towns, nay, even mountains in its course. How the fools fly from it. Ah! happy beings to dread death. Oh! ecstatic thought—Oh! luxury never to be tasted by me—I will plunge into the stream—I will bathe in the fiery flood that cannot disgorge me. It does, and again I am baffled—unscathed—uninjured. Slippery as thou art with the gore of the slain, I will climb thee, Vesuvius. Already I am on thy sides—already the scorching heat of the furnace blisters my skin—my eyes seem starting from their sockets—the crater, crowned with blue and sulphureous flames, is vomiting its wrath on my head. I am on the brink—the abyss yawns to receive me—I gaze in vain down its burning depths—'tis bottomless—I am on its brim—say, death! wilt thou now refuse to receive me? I rise with open arms to embrace thee—I cling towards thee—one moment more I am in thy blasting regions. From crag to crag of burning marl I am tossed—now thrown up with the scalding lava—now striking against the flinty sides of the volcano, the fire entering into my veins, and yet all the energies of my mind in full play. Not even the consuming floods of Vesuvius can touch the curse that binds me to existence.

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HERCULANEUM, A. M. 5136.

For fifty years have I been incarcerated within the slumbering ashes of Vesuvius, till, cast up with its lava, I find myself seated over the remains of a once glorious city. Here, where an empire flourished, the rank weed presumptuously waves its head, and the loathsome toad croaks where beauty once lent her voice to the breeze—I alone am here to remember its faded splendor. Oh! thou savage flood, why didst thou not annihilate me with the ruins? Thou overthrewest the proudest city on earth to perpetuate an atom. I look around me, and behold the vast limits of the hemisphere, yet even they come not up to the uncontrollable boundaries of my thoughts. Throughout the illimitable globe, of which there is not a speck but what is productive—there is nothing that can claim affinity to me.

LONDON, A. M. 5669.

Five hundred years have elapsed since I was last in England, when, under the Roman yoke, I remember it bare and desolate—its inhabitants wild and uncultivated, and but a few removes from savages—now what do I behold it?—the mistress of the world! Its people

just recovered from the effects of a revolution, are enjoying the serenity of peace, their hearts brimming with loyalty and affection towards a beloved and accomplished monarch—its court filled with beauties that might contend with the collected triumphs of the world—with sages, warriors, wits, poets, and philosophers—what a cycle of glory! But yesterday the anniversary of his Majesty's Restoration was celebrated. The bells filled the air with their merry notes—old and young perambulated the streets in their gayest attire—the public walks were filled with the most brilliant company—music of the most joyous description lent its delicious powers to the general harmony;—one general feeling seemed to rule the hearts of all—to be happy, and make happy.

But now, even now, when scarce four-and-twenty hours have elapsed, what an awful change has already taken place. The promenades are deserted, the shops are not decorated, and the revelries are abandoned. The streets are filled with whispering groups, who seem drawn towards each other by some irresistible impulse, and yet shudder at the contact; each face is overspread with gloom—every eye rolls with suspicion and dread. Strange enigma! The secret is at last unfolded—a

vague rumor is abroad that the plague has made its appearance. How every nerve seems shaken—how every pore seems opened with the dreadful intelligence—doubt, fear, and mystery are the prevailing characteristics of every face.

The report has been authenticated. London is one vast scene of hideous alarm—the inhabitants fly about in wild dismay—and the dreadful thought, that each has not more than twenty-four hours to live, seems to be written on their countenances. No longer do the troubled fly into the bosoms of their friends for relief, their misery must be solitary—they must avoid their fellow creatures as they would a pestilence. Every man has become hateful to himself, and hateful to his brethren—children recoil at the touch of their parents—and mothers refuse suck to their babes, lest, instead of yielding nourishment, they should be administering poison.

Forty-eight hours have elapsed since the first symptoms of the plague appeared, and already seven hundred human beings, who were then enjoying the revelry of the jubilee, are numbered with the dead. Feelings seem annihilated—passions are suspended—men no longer love, envy, or fear each other. Death—Death alone stalks through the streets regarded. The roads

are choked up with conveyances of every description, filled with individuals, who are leaving the homes of their infancy with feelings of the most hateful abhorrence. Property is abandoned—treasures are forsaken—all nature is returning to herself. Orders are issued that the dead are to be buried within one hour after their decease, and the red cross* appears in every street; physicians fear to encounter their patients—the courts of justice are abandoned—the public places of amusement are closed—all communication ceases between man and man. All efforts to stop the progress of the monster are fruitless—he rages with greater violence—the red cross is at almost every house, and the dead are hourly carried off in cartloads. As soon as the first symptom has shown itself, the victim is abandoned, and permitted to brave through the agony of his few wretched hours alone, without a friendly hand to close his dying eyes—without the satisfaction of knowing that a tear will be shed, when his sufferings will be ended—but with the dreadful assurance that, as soon as they are, or even perhaps before the last spark of life is extinct, he will be heaped with a score of others, and thrown head-

* The red cross was the signal that marked an infectious habitation.

long into a pit, without the common ritual of the dead being repeated over his remains; for, the infection still remaining with the corpse, no clergyman is to be found who will venture to perform the last offices of humanity.

Every churchyard is filled; large pits are dug at different distances from the metropolis, where the bodies of the deceased are thrown. The largest sums are offered to those who are willing to perform the office of burial, but even the very beggars shun the proffered gold; trade, agriculture, and life itself, all seem at a stand still. The appearance of London is that of a city that has been ransacked, and its inhabitants destroyed. Immediately that a house is infected, the furniture is taken and piled in a large heap, and set fire to in the street; some part escapes the conflagration, and adds to the general desolation of the scene. Every shop is closed—grass covers the pavement of the greatest thoroughfares—the sound of a footstep is heard at a considerable distance—I—I alone wander about the streets unmolested—through the dark rooms, and pestilential air of the sick—amidst the howls of the dying—courting the arrow of death, which strikes every heart but that which opens itself to it. How often have I mingled

myself in the direst scenes of corruption—how often have I watched the robber fell his victims one after the other, yet leave me untouched and uninjured.

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A. M. 5771.

Another hundred years have flown—I am still existing—new ages of misery are forming for me. Oh! man, who repinest at the sorrows of one life, think ye of mine, which comprehends those of a thousand; every sorrow, vexation, mortification, and misery, of near eighteen hundred years are still fresh in my memory, as in the moment in which they occurred. But they, even with all their horrors, are not equal to the clouds that hang over my destiny. New torments, fresh miseries, are in store for me, and even when thou, who now readest the tale of my horrors, with thy children's children, shalt be gathered with the dust, I shall be but commencing another era of wretchedness. Thrice have I ascended thrones as a monarch—innumerable times have I led armies to the field of battle, with no other hope or ambition than that some friendly sword would bring the gift of death along with it—thrice have I been brought to the scaffold as a common criminal—thrice

have I rushed into the abyss of an earthquake—times innumerable have I thrown myself on the vengeance of the ocean. Each and every time have I been defeated. At this moment I am pining over my miseries—will they never cease! May I never hope for death! No: life holds me in eternal bondage, and hell itself has no corner for me!

THE RAPTURE OF BENEFICENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Joy, joy for the blessings that fate hath given
  This meritless hand of mine to bestow!
Have I footed the amaranth meads of Heaven,
  That flowers are springing wherever I go?

A queen rushed out of her castle walls;
  Her step was hurried, her look was wild;
For the flames were over her stately halls,
  And there stood at a casement her only child.

"I'll give to the man who will save him now,
  The costliest treasure my realm has in store!"
I saw the fair boy with his fearless brow,
  And I reached in a moment the chamber door.

The air was black, but I thought it sweet,
  For I knew the young cherub was breathing it too;
I laid the babe at its mother's feet,
  I beheld her clasp it, and off I flew.

She proffer'd both riches and honors great,
For him who had acted that perilous part;
But the boon, though noble, was offer'd too late—
I had carried a richer one home in my heart.

A captive pined in a sickly gleam,
That show'd him the toads of his dungeon floor;
I bade him go bask in the day's broad beam,
And enter his darkling cell no more.

But I follow'd him softly out, to spy
How the joy-drops down his cheek would rain,
And to watch as he dotingly gazed on high,
Heaven's blue coming into his eyes again.

I saw it, I saw it, and saw as well,
A wife on his neck, and a child on his knee,
And I thought, even then, 'twould be hard to tell
Which was the happier—I or he.

THE SERIOUS AFFLICTION OF A GOOD APPETITE.*

THE world has always appeared to me exceedingly partial in its choice of subjects for the exercise of its sympathy. While the sorrows of a Byron draw rivers of tears, sufficient to wash half the handkerchiefs of the nation, the woes of a respectable individual like myself are contemplated dry-eyed, and suffered to pass without remark, like a lot of sundries in the general catalogue of human calamities. And yet, sir, what are the afflictions which threw their shade over the destiny of Harold, in comparison to those which hourly wound my sensitive spirit? His was the aching void of a satiated soul—mine, the aching void of an empty stomach.

* The above affecting narrative was found amongst the papers of my late respected friend, Mr. Ezekiel; a gentleman who died in consequence of alarm, occasioned by a report that butchers' meat would rise to a shilling a pound. The shock was so great to his sensitive feelings, that he immediately took to his bed, from whence (melancholy to relate) he never, as the newspapers say, "rose again."

While I was still "in arms," I performed such prodigies of valour, that, "in spite of my teeth," which had not yet lent their friendly assistance, I had fairly sucked dry six wet-nurses. The cutting of my first tooth was an omen of direful import, unfortunately fulfilled, ere the first twelvemonth was over, by the melancholy aspect of the butcher's account.

I appeared to possess from my cradle an instinctive talent in distinguishing the different kinds of food, but, as the "march of my intellect" in other accomplishments was by no means correspondingly progressive, in my sixth year I was sent to school, to the great grief of the poulterers, butchers, bakers, and green-grocers of our neighbourhood, and the serious benefit of the family pantry. On this melancholy crisis, I endured all the feelings natural to a first separation from the home of one's infancy. The leaving of my parents was a trial to my young heart; but the parting with the cook was pathetic indeed. Yet, with the eager thirst for novelty, all thoughts of home vanished with the smoke of the kitchen chimney; and, after a two-hours' ride, I found myself arrived at my future destination—"Skinflint's Preparatory School."

Alas! when I mention that name, what a series of

mournful associations come flocking with it. Breakfasts "slubbered over in haste;" and not with that decent regard to time and material, which was so punctiliously observed in the house of my respected parents. Breakfasts did I say?—those villanous partnerships between hard-hearted bread and butter, and melancholy "sky-blue."—Dinners—"curtailed of their fair proportions" —the endless legs of mutton, and unskinned potatoes, which provoked, and not satisfied, the appetite.—And suppers, which only caused me to count the minutes which would elapse ere the breakfast hour came round again. I feel I am growing eloquent; but this is a subject I dare not trust myself with, particularly as I have not dined—the remembrance of past injuries, though forgiven, cannot always sleep in oblivion; their ghosts will occasionally arise. Days of my childhood! I cannot regret that you are flown, if I entertain that decent regard for my stomach, which I esteem to be the characteristic sentiment of the civilized man.

With the privilege of a biographer, I will skip another half dozen years of my life, when I was removed to a school for "children of a larger growth." Here the aspect of my fortunes, which had been always of a sorrowful complexion, took a deeper tinge. My appetite!

my unfortunate appetite! was again the cause of my misfortunes. It became the subject of innumerable letters of complaint, both from master and pupil, to my parents. I complained of a plot being concerted to starve me; and my preceptor accused my venerated father of sending me there to breed a famine in the neighbourhood. An additional premium, with the mutual understanding of two extra meals per diem, settled the difference; and I was permitted to resume my studies, and to send up my plate even after the awful inuendo of "Master Ezekiel's fourth serving." I had already become bilious and melancholy, for, wonderful to relate, the whole of my exploits with the knife and fork had only served to decrease, rather than to add to, the amplitude of my figure. At fourteen, I was long, lean, and cadaverous, and to those who had never seen me dine, of a pulmonary appearance; those, who had candidly acknowledged that if there was a consumption visible, it was in the dinner, and not in the diner. Even at this early age I was distinguished by a gravity of manner, remarkable in one of such tender years; indeed, no wonder, for sorrow had already commenced its work with me. My notorious predilection had rendered me a sort of terror among my young com-

panions, by whom I was generally known as the "devouring element." It was no uncommon thing for me to purchase the fee-simple of the breakfasts of four of my schoolmates, besides a reversionary interest in each of their dinners, until my resources, liberal as my supply of pocket-money was, became exhausted in feeding that which was inexhaustible.

A favorite theory of mine is, that it is impossible to feel affection for any object, without a wish of possession and exclusive enjoyment. Consequently, my enthusiastic love for the good things of this life, had rendered me rather selfish in the disposal of them, and drew upon me the unconcealed aversion of my unthinking companions. I had but one friend, Ichabod Atkinson, and towards this interesting individual I felt all the affection of a brother. A similarity of tastes, dispositions, and pursuits, drew us together, and that indescribable sympathy, which links man with his fellow, upon the discovery of a mutual resemblance, kept us firmly united. He was, like myself, an eater of the first eminence, and had prevailed on his family to finish his education at my school, where he had heard there was actually a greater appetite existing than his own. Happy days, oh! Ichabod, were those shared with thee. Ours was

the springtime of life, with no clouds to obscure its serenity—except our appetites. Our confidence in each other was unbounded; we read, talked, bathed, and walked together; every thing we possessed was in common—except our victuals; upon that point we knew too well the delicacy of each other's feelings. Seldom has it been my lot to view a dawn so full of hope and promise as that of my earliest friend—he could devour five meals a-day without apprehension of the consequence, but, alas! he added one more to the list of premature and unfortunate talent; he fell a victim to his unfortunate predilection at the interesting age of three-and-twenty, in consequence of over-feeding at a "green-goose dinner" on an Easter Monday, at one of the company's halls.

Having finished my education, I had the misfortune of falling very seriously in love. My feelings, always tremblingly alive to every attack, became the victim of a tenderer passion than they had yet experienced. The object of my regard was young, beautiful, and rich. We had met at a dinner-party, and very naturally fallen in love. Dinner! talismanic word; what a throng of associations does it carry with it; the most important acts of life are negociated through its medium.

A dinner is given on the birth of the heir; the consummation of a dinner is as necessary at your wedding as that of any other of its solemnities; and a dinner is the most affectionate record that attends your funeral obsequies. It is the universal medium. No one, then, entertaining as I do so solemn a veneration for this most praiseworthy ceremony, but who would feel his sensibility awakened, upon finding himself seated, after partaking of a magnificent repast, by the side of a beautiful female. My heart at once acknowledged its proximity to the stomach, and in a strain, fitting the eventful moment, I poured forth my soul. It had always been my practice, when I intended dining out, in order to reduce my appetite into something less than a wonder, to take my usual dinner previously. With the assistance of a little self-denial, I fortunately acquitted myself in so unostentatious a manner, as really to make my friend, at the head of the table, feelingly express his concern at the very bad dinner I had made (I really had not consumed above three pounds solid). This was not lost to the ear of the sentimental Amelia, and ere the evening was over, I found that my precaution and abstinence had most remarkably Macadamized the road to her affections. To be brief with

a melancholy tale, the next morning found my horse's head in the way to her paternal mansion, which she occupied in her own right. It was a fine March morning, with a fresh stirring wind—ah! that fatal wind, what an appetite it gave me! My ride was about seven or eight miles, and although, with the full knowledge of my unfortunate drawback, I had breakfasted, luncheoned, and dined, before I left home, I felt all the slumbering functions of my stomach awaken like "giants refreshed" with the appetite-provoking breezes. Unluckily, there was no inn, nor "friendly hall," in my way, where I could stop to recruit. Arrived at last, the reception which the lovely girl gave me fully compensated me for all the trying difficulties of my journey. Alas! that so charming a dream should ever be dissolved by so unpoetical a reality as my appetite. It had been intimated by a friend, who took a considerable interest in my welfare, and who was well aware that my talents in the masticatory art were by no means contemptible, that although the fortune of my Amelia was very extensive, yet that her domestic establishment was governed by a maiden aunt with the most rigid economy. I therefore determined to crush the evil demon that was gnawing within me, and endure the

martyrdom of a ride home to dinner, rather than satisfy its craving demands at so dear a price. Ah! hapless Ezekiel, hadst thou but persisted in thy determination, Scrape-all Park would have been thine, together with its herds of deer, its preserves, warrens, fisheries, and the beautiful Amelia. But a cloud hung over my destiny, and I fell a victim on this inauspicious occasion.

Overcome by the flattering attention of both aunt and niece, I yielded to the tempting offer of a luncheon (the ladies were too fashionable to call it by any other name, although I afterwards discovered it was their regular hour of dining). A pair of white boiled fowls first made their appearance, supported by a tongue—awful moment! twenty thousand pounds depended on three parts of the dishes remaining untouched. I resolved not to look at them, for I felt the ruling principle demonstrating its most unequivocal presence. The ladies having allowed me to divide a wing between them, left me undisputed master of the field. What a situation for a man, with a natural fierce appetite, rendered ferocious by a ride of eight miles on a fresh blowing morning! Half a luckless chicken, by an extemporaneous thought, found itself on my plate—this vanished, and, ere I could reflect on the consequences, the other half had joined its fellow. My ruin was

evidently approaching—but why do I linger over the recital, as if dreading to meet once more the catastrophe? "At one fell swoop," the fowls, the tongue, the cauliflower, the asparagus, had gone—the way of all flesh; and the ill-suppressed astonishment of my companions' countenances assured me that they had been otherwise occupied than assisting in the demolition. An hour most painfully spent warned me that my ruin was fast approaching to a crisis; and I was suffered to take my leave with a cold general invitation to call again. I had scarcely left the room ere I heard the death-warrant of my hopes signed by the lips of the elder of the ladies. "Heavens, Amelia, what a happy escape! he would swallow up your parks, and empty your sheepfolds, in a fortnight. The man, I actually declare, has the appetite of an elephant!"—"Oh! that I could ever have thought so sentimental a looking man could possess such a vulgar appetite!" was the heart-rending response of the already-forfeited Amelia.

This is only one of the many anecdotes which have given a character to my life. My income, although respectable, will hardly pay my butcher's bills, and I am become a kind of proverb among dinner-giving people. I never dine at the same place above once, if I wish to be treated with common civility; and have

had several offers of annuities, upon condition of my staying away from those coffee-houses I have taken a particular fancy for. I have not the satisfaction of knowing that my troubles decrease as I get older, for I find that, as my years increase, my masticatory powers increase also in strength and vigor. What was a prevailing characteristic has become a passion; day and night "my heart has one unchanging theme," and so thoroughly is it engrossed by its object, that all its feelings take their hue from it. Witness the following relation of a dream which occurred to me, after doing justice to a dinner given by a friend of mine at the successful conclusion of his election:—

I thought that the principle of life was annihilated within me, and that my soul had passed the boundary of the present world, and was hard elsewhere in pursuit of that it loved here so dearly—a dinner. I had arrived at a vast plain without meeting with the object of my wishes, till, on a sudden, the extensive surface around became miraculously covered. Loaves of bread, heaped into mountains larger than the pyramids, and huge heaps of vegetables and fruits every where surrounded me. Herds of sheep, which Salisbury Plain could not have contained, all without legs, shoulders, loins, saddles, and haunches, (my favourite joints); droves of

bullocks, calves, and pigs, all more or less deficient; and an unfeathered multitude of turkeys, geese, fowls, pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks, so thickly congregated as to darken the air. As I approached, the whole scene appeared animated, and, with the bitterest curses and revilings, I heard my name uttered on every side—the sheep pointed to their mutilations, and the bullocks loudly groaned for their lost ribs and sirloins. A voice dared me to face the mountains of loaves, which, during my brief sojourn on earth, had passed my lips; the geese and turkeys, by their incessant cackling and gobbling, threatened me instant annihilation, and seemed far more numerous than my most extensive idea of the locusts of Egypt. At last, I thought all seemed gradually to concentrate into one huge mass, and then—

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream!"

I beheld the mountain of eatables settle into the body of a being, whose corporation was a city of itself, and whose stomach was larger than St. Paul's cathedral. Horrible creation of a bad digestion—the face of the hideous monster BORE AN EXACT RESEMBLANCE TO MY OWN FEATURES! while a remarkably thin, cheese-paring kind of gentleman was crouching at its side, and in a

shrill, squeaking tone of voice, as if he spoke through a tobacco-pipe, thus addressed me:—"Shade of the defunct Ezekiel, behold your body and soul—that huge mass of matter, which prevents the sun of the celestial world shining, was your corporeal self, which, during your stay in the nether world, you had swelled and pampered to that hideous size, while I am your poor, starved, and miserable soul (this was uttered much in the tone of a neglected wife), which you famished while on earth, and which now is not sufficiently well fed to appear in the kingdom of spirits." At the close of this speech, the very stout gentleman, who did the part of my body, yawned, and in so doing, extended his jaws, each of which was within a yard or two of the compass of Blackfriars' Bridge, while my discomfited soul rolled itself off, and vanished. Even in my sleep, I felt I was a nonentity; and not until morning dawned, and my breakfast-time arrived, did my unfailing monitor assure me, that my spirituality existed but in imagination.

Are there no means to lessen the weight under which my spirits and my stomach are bowed down? Is there no thunderbolt nor pharmaceutical preparation that will annihilate me and my appetite together? Or am I to be left an ever-yawning earthquake, to swallow up the fair fruits of the earth, and appropriate the support of

thousands to satisfy the craving desires of one? In a word, is there no remedy for a good appetite? I have heard of many cures for a bad one; and upon a friend of mine having lost his, and being recommended a change of air, I actually took his lodgings in Tooley-street, in the hopes of being able to meet with the same complaint he was so anxious to leave behind him. But the insatiate fiend smiled at my endeavours, and a fortnight's residence assured me my efforts were ineffectual, my butcher having reported that he had killed a sheep extra every week since I had vegetated in his abominable neighbourhood. What will become of me I know not, if my appetite goes on increasing. Where shall I go to? change of scene or climate lessens not the remedy. If I fly upwards, the exercise and fresh air will only sharpen its edge; and if I go downwards, thither will my appetite accompany me. Yet, do I blame thee, thou cause of all my sufferings and shame?—no; but I ask, what is that solemn peal which calls me away? Is it my death knell? No, 'tis the dinner bell. "Thou marshall'st the way;" like Macbeth, I follow, though to my own perdition—

"I go, and it is done; the bell invites me."

AS THE RAINBOW TO THE STORM.

As the rainbow to the storm,
  As the star flash to the night,
Is the bright and tender form,
  To my sad and lonely sight;
And I seek it wheresoever
  My unguided glance may stray,
Until fancy's fond endeavour
  Has returned each faded ray.

In the gloom of my despair,
  In the wailings of my grief,
There's a vision gilds my care,
  There's a voice that speaks relief.
'Tis the image of my sweet one,
  As it shone upon my youth,
'Tis her voice—when shall I meet one
  Of such tenderness and truth?

THE LAMENT OF DESPAIR.

Blow on, thou pitiless night wind, blow!
  For my heart is more cold than the bitterest blast
That ever hath swept over plains of snow,
  And frozen each flow'ret and brook as it past.

For the vernal sun will unbind the rill,
  In silvery wandering to shine through the mead,
And the new-born flow'r on the verdant hill
  Will uplift, unblighted, its tender head.

But the beams of the summer will never unloose
  The icy fetters of dark despair,
Nor revive the blossoms that youth, profuse,
  Strew'd over my path, so briefly fair.

The star of my hope, though dimly seen,
  Though glimmering faintly, still cheer'd me on;
But the clouds of adversity floated between,
  And the last inspiriting light is gone.

Yet I linger here like a tombless corse,
That haunts its lost world tho' its soul be fled;
While the torturing demon of late remorse,
Like a blood-loving vulture, hangs o'er my head.

Where the joys of society sparkle around,
Still cold is my bosom, and languid my eye;
As Egyptian mummies, in spices bound,
Amid odours unscented for ages lie.

The tear may glisten on beauty's cheek,
But it only reminds of a deeper woe
That forbids my eyes for my heart to speak,
And its anguish away with their streams to flow.

Though the smile be curling the ruby lip,
No sympathy wakes it on mine, when seen;
For, those are cold that I loved to sip,
And the rest seem mocking my joyless mien.

Then foam, ye billows! and rave, ye skies!
While I pillow my brow on this wave-worn stone,
Whence never, oh! never, again may I rise,
But expire unpitied, unheeded—alone!

FADING FLOWERS.

Fading flowers! fading flowers! ye are like the sadden'd heart,
When its hopes, as brief as odours, from it momently depart;
Ye are like the clouds of evening, as they darken one by one,
After each has had the last faint smile, the farewell of the sun.

But the western clouds have only, when the light of day hath ceased,
To return across the skies and wait its kindling in the east;
And the flow'rs, if fragrant ever, will a sweetness still retain,
But the wither'd heart will never shine, will never bloom again.

THOU ART COLD TO ME NOW.

Thou art cold to me now; but the smile that first won
me,
When thou had'st a bosom as ardent as mine,
Still beams, though, alas! but in fancy, upon me,
And, oh! such a vision's too dear to resign.

Yes, frown, and the passion-lit glance that once
brighten'd
Thy brow shall arise the more fair to my view;
Like a far sunny landscape, whose charm is but
heighten'd
By all the dark boughs it is glimmering through.

While the sunshine thy love shed around me was
glowing,
I stored up in its sweets, like the flow'r-sipping bee,
Till my heart was so rich, that the summer-time
going
Left winter, thy falsehood, no terrors for me.

Chill frowns may o'ershadow the bright eye of Heaven,
  And along its pure brow the fell storm cloud may drive;
But unscared by the gloom, by the tempest unriven,
  I feast on the food of remembrance's hive.

Thou, thou, in the moment o'er which I am sighing,
  Hast arm'd me to bear with the loss of thy truth;
As the adder itself has the power of supplying
  A balm for the wound of its venomous tooth.

And well doth such balm heal the wound of thy making;—
  E'en now through an Eden of mem'ry I roam;
For the joys that we dream over, sleeping and waking,
Are equal in bliss, whether past or to come.

A FAREWELL TO ALBION, 1823.

Farewell to thee, Albion! blest land of my sires!
I saw thy white cliff like a pearl on the billow,
When sunk were thy meadows, thy walls, and the spires
That I hoped would have gleam'd o'er my turf-cover'd pillow.

And thou, whose remembrance will ever awaken
E'en warmer ideas than the isle of my birth,
Dearest girl! though awhile by thy lover forsaken,
His pray'rs will be thine from the ends of the earth.

May the wrinkle of care never wither thy brow,
Or if grief *should* impress his rude seal upon thee,
May it vanish as fast as the circles that now
Spread and fade round my tears as they fall in the sea.

Yet with naught but the desolate ocean around me,
So dreadful beneath and so dreary above,
Still a thousand sweet objects of pleasure surround me,
Rekindling my heart, when I think of my love.

Where the branches of coral beneath me are growing,
Pellucid as crystal, though rubies in hue,
I remember thy lips, how deliciously glowing!
When fondly they promised they 'd ever be true.

While the breezes of eve in soft murmurs are dying,
As over the smooth rosy waters they sweep,
I believe that I hear my fond Isabel sighing,
Ere blushing she sinks on her pillow to sleep.

In the depth of the night, as the maid of the ocean
Attunes her lone voice to the wild swelling wind,
Oh! I think of the strain that with tender emotion
Oft melted my soul, on the shore left behind.

When the beam of the moon on the billows, which darkling
Lie blue as the air, sheds her holiest light,
Can I fail to reflect on her azure eye sparkling,
My beacon of hope, that made noonday of night?

No.—Thus, though the sun of thy presence hath faded,
The twilight of memory beams on me yet;
And hope gently whispers, though now overshaded,
That sun shall arise brighter e'en than it set.

TELL ME NOW THAT THOU ART MINE.

TELL me, now that thou art mine,
  Why thou wert not sooner so:
Did thy bosom ne'er repine,
  When thy lips had answered—no?
When I called up visions bright
  From the realms of hope and bliss,
Did thy fancy shun the sight?
  Did thy wishes fly my kiss?

What! and would'st thou have me tell
  How my foolish heart was won?
Would'st thou have me break the spell,
  Ere its whole sweet work is done?
Many a year, the same light chain
  That has bound me now, should last;
And I fear 'twould fall in twain,
  Were a glance but on it cast.

I BEHOLD THEE IN MY DREAMS.

I BEHOLD thee in my dreams,
  Ever tender, ever kind;
But the morn comes, with her beams,
  And the vision falls behind—
Behind the clouds of light
  That enrobe the early sky,
But can make it not so bright
  As thy soft and swimming eye.

I behold thee in my dream,
  And I know the dream will vanish;
Yet so harmless doth it seem,
  That the fraud I do not banish;—
But I find, when day hath made
  Me again unloved and lorn,
That where roses bloom and fade
  There is ever left a thorn.

In my infancy I loved thee,
  In my manhood I adore;
And yet all the less I moved thee
  As my flame grew more and more!
Thou 'rt a flow'r that look'd on high
  At the sun in his young ray,
But, when noontide lit the sky,
  Shrank in bashfulness away.

TO FANCY.

Fancy! whither art thou fled?
Thou who erst would ne'er forsake
My noontide bower, or midnight bed,
Whether I might sleep or wake?

Oft, when I have turn'd to rest,
Thou hast frighted sleep away,
With beams and visions bright and blest—
Sleep, who shrinks from any ray.

What, though darkness wrapt me round?
I could see thy form behind it:
Though weariness each limb had bound,
Thy magic would at once unbind it.

And at the dead, dull, midnight noon,
My frame with ecstasy would burn—
Like his whose brain the treacherous moon
Fills from her clear but maddening urn—

Till I would fly my pillow'd couch,
  And seize the soul-embodying pen,
That to far ages I might vouch
  The marvels thou had'st given my ken.

Yet, ah! too oft the hurrying rush
  Of great thoughts would their own strength smother;
Like full chimes, when the echoing gush
  Of sound makes one note mar another;

And all the unearthly shapes and hues
  Had vanish'd from my spirit's eye,
Ere from the pageant I could choose
  Where first my mimic skill to ply.

But among all those lights of Heaven,
  Whose charms I could thus ill express,
Not one will now shine out—not even
  To cheer a moment's loneliness.

Each object round me is the same;—
  I look upon it; yet I see,
Not what, of yore, thy wand could frame,
  But a cold coarse reality.

As far from what it was when thou,
  Fancy! throw'st o'er it thy bright veil,
As any stript and scentless bough,
  From one before its roses fail.

Oh! render back to my poor strain
  The treasures with which then it glow'd,
That each long idle string again
  May tremble under the rich load.

Thanks—my breast heaves with sighs of fire;
  I see, hear, things ne'er shown nor spoken!
Now speed thee well my fresh-breathed lyre:
  Ha! the first chord I struck has broken.

A SAD ALL HAIL!

A sad all hail to thee! thou day
On whose unfriendly morn,
I lost for ever the bright ray,
Of eyes too soon forsworn.
They were as full of love and light,
As any April morning:
Why was their noon a storm, a blight,
Of coldness and of scorning?

E'en now, thou day of all untruth!
Where is thy summer sun?
Fades it, as well it may, in ruth
For what it look'd upon?
It saw me gay with love and hope,
Those sun-beams of the bosom;
It saw me in a moment droop,
Like an ill-gather'd blossom.

And still again its wonted beam,
  Its summer charm is fled;
And clouds have gather'd o'er the gleam,
  The last faint gleam it shed.
Such is all earthly hope and love,
  And earthly sunshine too;
But there are constant hearts *above*,
  And summers ne'er untrue.

"GENTLE NOISES."

Oh! for the sweet sounds of a rural eve!
The chime far-floated on a billowy breeze,
Now buoying, now o'erwhelming it;—the faint
Chorus of infant revelry, so mellow'd,
By the soft air it struggles through, that none,
Save its most rapturous and thrilling notes,
Can reach the longing listener;—the light carol
Of some fair-fingered knitter in the sunset,
Smiling at every wind that lifts her tresses,
Or, likelier, at the mingled breathings of
A rustic pipe, sway'd—by the unseen hands
Of him who must partake *some* joy with her—
Into the same loved melody;—the bark
Of dog, the whirr of bat, the buz of insect,
All musical, when far;—the liquid horn,
Clear as it were the very spirit of sound;—
Then the last lullaby of parent birds
Over their sleepy nestlings, where the leaves, too,

Murmur among themselves in a wild strain
That seems of her own making;—these, oh! these,
Are gentle noises that do minister
So plenteously to the one thrice-joy'd sense,
That what more can remain to steep the others
In like unwishing blessedness, we know not,
Nor heed we; so the precious tide run high,
From thousand rivulets, or a single urn,
It matters not—the heart can be but full.

THOU ART WELCOME AS THE DAY.

Thou art welcome as the day, lady mine, lady mine,
As the loveliest of May, lady mine!
And the azure-vested night,
On her summer wings of light,
Hath not eyes more softly bright
Than are thine.

Thou art beautiful as flowers, lady mine, lady mine,
As the fairest in my bowers, lady mine!
I've the lily and the rose,
But the hues that they disclose,
Oh! what are they to those
That are thine?

Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine,
Ere the noon upon it glow, lady mine!
But the noon must have its ray,
And the snow-wreaths melt away,
And hearts, why should not they?
Why not thine?

TO SPAIN, IN 1823.

And art thou fall'n to earth again,
  From the proud heights which thou wert climbing?
Still is the rust of slavery's chain,
  The whiteness of thy fame begriming?

Ay!—but each step thy sons have taken,
  Tow'rds hallowed freedom's mountain head,
Hath smoothed the path where safe, unshaken,
  Their children's happier feet may tread;

And every link by valor torn
  Away, though power again unite
The fetter, makes it easier worn,
  And leaves the crowning toil more light.

As the young morn of eastern skies,
  To roll night's heavy shades away,
Ere from her ocean-bed she rise,
  Sends forth betimes a herald ray

So beauteous, that men deem it *her*,
  Until they see it backward flying,
And mark, with momentary fear,
  The radiance that awoke them dying;

So, liberty a warning beam
  Hath shed, long sorrowing Spain! o'er thee;
And, though it roused thee from thy dream
  Of bondage but to shine and flee,

Soon, soon, beneath a brighter Heaven,
  Shall her own banner wave unfurl'd,
And from its orient hues be given,
  Daylight to thee and all the world.

A NEW ARION.

Oh! for a lute like his of yore,
Whom the charm'd dolphins gaily bore,
And gratefully, for the sweet song
That calm'd the seas they sped along,
Making the green-hair'd Neptune save
Him, who had else found but a grave
In that same bright and buoyant wave!
So might some natives of the deep—
Spirits, perchance—as kindly sweep
With my lorn heart, now fainting fast
In the dark tide which fate hath cast
Between my eyes and those which are,
E'en to myself, more precious far—
Sweep with it, o'er the severing main,
  To the far land her footsteps bless,
And show her all that warm heart's pain,
  Its fondness, and its hopelessness.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Brighter and brighter the east is glowing;
Softer and softer the gale is blowing;
Warmer and warmer the brook is flowing;
    Yet still Flora sleeps!
Still she sleeps, while the youth, who keeps
His lone watch over her, fondly weeps.

Each flow'r as it opens its dewy bell,
A fragrant dream to the breeze will tell;
But she, the maid whom I love so well,
    Owns not a dream of me—
Not a dream of me, lest happy we,
Like blossom and zephyr, too blest should be.

She sighs, she moves! my beauty is waking;
Oh! now the morn is really breaking;
And ev'ry thing lovely, its rest forsaking,
    Looks out on her;—
Looks on her, and unless I err,
As if nothing so heavenly on earth there were.

Nay, fly not dearest! for hark! the day
Hath call'd up a minstrel on every spray!
To list the sweet music thou sure wilt stay?
And what if I join the throng?
Join the throng, and each note prolong
That accordeth best with the lover's song.

THE FOOT OF MUSIC.

THE foot of music is on the waters,
  Hark, how fairily, featly, it treads!
As in the dance of Oreste's daughters,
  Now it advances, and now recedes.

Now it lingers among the billows,
  Where some fonder one than the rest
Clasps the rover, in passing, and pillows
  Her softly upon its heaving breast.

Off she flies; and her step, though light,
  Makes the green waves all tremble beneath her!
Now the quick ear cannot follow her flight,
  And the flood is unstirr'd as the calm blue ether.

Unseen spirit! would'st thou but borrow
  A substance and shape for my bosom and eye,
Oh! I'd not wish for another morrow,
  But look at thee, press thee, and gladly die.

COME DRINK WITH ME.

Come drink with me! and may the wine,
  Rousing and gladd'ning us together,
Shed over that cold heart of thine,
  One first bright beam of sunny weather.
I long have pined beneath the shade,
  The wintry low'ring of that brow,
And it is time, my haughty maid,
  That I should feel it summer now.

Well, if I may not drink with thee,
  I needs must pledge me to some other;
My soul is ripe for love and glee,
  And mirth's a flame too bright to smother.
Yet, wheresoe'er my cup is vow'd,
  Not all my heart shall with it go;
Still, loveless as thou art, and proud,
  For thee its deepest thoughts will flow.

LOVE-CHANGES.

Is it a virtue or a crime to love
  Once and not ever? Ask the enfranchised soul
Itself, which in its pride hath soar'd above
  The burning walls of that fond flame's control;
Ask *whence* the lightness of its wandering wing,
  And what the impulse of its alter'd course;
  Then, if it *be* that, yielding to the force
The master-touch of reason, each fine string
Of the long spell-struck heart at once gave up
  All dalliance with some thought—vain as the wind,
  Give praise, for it is due; but if you find
The insatiate sot has only dashed one cup
Of beauty down, to glut him with another,
Curst be he with desires which naught may feed or
    smother.

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON, 1815.

Imitated from the Piccolomini of Schlegel.

Like the coming of the god of war,
Rush'd through the earth my name;
The drum was beat, and wide and far,
Hush'd was the anvil's clamorous toil;
The plough slept on the unfurrow'd soil;
And hosts, like billows, tho' with hearts of flame,
Circling and closing round the long-lov'd banner came.

And as the warbling wood-choir throng
Hurriedly round some bird of wonder,
When from its throat a magic song,
First, over mountain, plain, and dell,
And rivulet, is heard to swell,
Stirring each wave and forest-leaf like thunder,
So flock'd the youth of France my eagle's bright wing under.
And I am still the being I was then,
For lion-souls, though chain'd make the whole earth their den.

AH! MY SOUL.

Ah! my soul! thou quenchless flame,
Quit awhile this weary frame!
Thou may'st endless vigils keep;
But the mortal man must sleep,
Sleep, that he may abler be,
To fulfil his course with thee.

Fade awhile, thou constant light,
Though not shrouded from me quite!
So, upon my blissful dreams,
Thou wilt shine in tender gleams,
Such as in the grave are given
To the dead, who dream of Heaven.

I WAS SAD.

I was sad in the days of my youth,
In the fresh glowing morn of my life,
When around was all kindness and truth,
And I dreamt not of sorrow or strife.
There was all I could wish for on earth,
But my heart was on something above;
There was food for its wonder and mirth,
And for all of its feelings but love.

And the days of my youth are gone by,
And the hope that illumined them is fled,
Like the hues of the sunset, which die
When the soul of their brightness is dead.
And now would I fain be at rest;
But I have not the wings of a dove;
And the grave 's but a desolate nest,
When we fly not to any we love.

TO THE SOUL.

Life of this senseless clay, which but for thee
More vile, more worthless, and more foul would be
  Than the ne'er-breathing earth on which we tread!
Sun of the human system! god of all,
Save what the Maker deigns his own to call!
  Soul of this body! thought's clear fountain-head!
  Oh! how in vain is thy rich glory shed
  On beings cold and thankless as the dead!
There is no hour that might not shine with thee;
There is no point that fancy's eye can see,
Which on thy vigorous wing we might not gain,
Would we but wrench the sullying bonds in twain,
Which grief and sloth and sin have link'd together,
Making our days one night, one year of wintry weather.

TO THE PAST.

YE precious years that I have so mis-spent!
  Ye slighted Hebes of the cup of joy,
Whom, the more deeply on my welfare bent,
  The more have I delighted to employ
  In works that could but bring us both annoy!
Why, when I spurn'd ye as ye past along,
Or hailed ye but with glee and idle song—
Why did ye not uplift a warning voice,
And bid me in my shame no more rejoice?
Had ye but then, when first my young feet stray'd
  From wisdom's path of light, had ye but rung
Into mine ear some boding, 'twould have stay'd
  Their headlong course folly's blind wilds among,
And my light harp need ne'er with cypress have been
    hung.

A VILLAGE FUNERAL.

> " 'Tis not a life—
> 'Tis but a piece of childhood, thrown away."
>
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A VILLAGE FUNERAL.

I was particularly interested with a rite I saw performed in the burial of an infant. Wandering in the beautiful neighbourhood of Carisbrooke, in the valley which leads you direct to the village, I saw approaching six girls, nearly in white, the first two of whom were walking before another couple, who were carrying a small coffin, without any other pall than a white napkin. The same number walked behind, and a man and a female, who, from their unsuppressed grief, I conjectured were the parents, closed the groupe. I do not know whether it was the scenery, highly beautiful and picturesque, that might not have softened my feelings in witnessing this simple, but touching ceremony. A chain of blue hills, covered with verdure and wood, stretched themselves to the boundary of three-fourths of the horizon, till lost in ether; while the village, immediately before us, lay at the foot of the valley, half concealed by the intervening

trees, above which the gothic tower of the church rose in an airy and proud elevation; the awful ruins of the castle shut out the remainder of the scope, bringing with it many a saddening thought of its by-gone power and splendor. The sight of the coffin too, and the image of its tenant, snatched from earth ere it could estimate its joys or its sorrows, was before me, reposing in the quietude of death, like a waxen effigy. Its little day of life had been clouded by sorrow and pain, and who, though mourning its loss, could welcome it back to a world like this? The exquisite thought of Beaumont, assured me 'twas

> "Not a life—
> 'Tis but a piece of childhood, thrown away."

The style of the funeral seemed also in keeping with its object. The uniform appearance of the maidens, clothed in the garb of purity, their personal beauty, and sorrowing, and unassuming behaviour, stripped death of his dismal characteristics, as if the loss they deplored should be considered rather a blessing conferred than as a cruel bereavement. The mourning groupe passed before me, and I soon rejoined them at the last scene of mortality's pilgrimage. The grave had been fancifully chosen, under a large and aged

tree, around which the clergyman and mourners were already assembled. The season was the decline of the year, and the time nearly sun-set; and, as the wind swept by in melancholy murmurs, the whole spirit of the scene seemed to creep through me—the pipings of the feathered tribe died away on the breeze, and the air had a characteristic silence and solemnity, till broken by the voice of the clergyman, who feelingly repeated the rites for our departed brother over his grave. There was a well sustained composure over the faces of the party, till the awful crisis—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," bid the deed follow the word. As the dry earth rattled against the coffin, it seemed as if it knocked against the hearts of every one who witnessed the ritual. The mother mourned for her lost one, and, in despite of the affectionate solicitude for her young friends, "would not be comforted." Grief, whatever form it assumes, has a claim to our sympathy, but when convulsing the countenance of a young and pleasing female it is more than usually subduing. The father, whose coarse, but honest features had hitherto discovered no other feeling than a manly dejection, now leaned over the pit which had swallowed up his last, his best, and his only one, and kept his eyes

fixed there, as if the remainder of the earth had for him no longer a charm. Ere the grave diggers prepared to fill up the vacuum, each of the females took from her bosom a sprig of rosemary (a primitive custom of the country), and giving one long look into the narrow cell, threw into it this last offering of affection. All that remained to close this touching duty was for the parents to follow their example: they held the branches of rosemary in their hands, looked at them wistfully, and when they parted with them, seemed to feel that they had till that moment a sensible memorial of their child—and now all was gone. Once more they looked into the grave—they sobbed bitterly—the sexton filled his shovel—they gazed on the shell with that dreadful consciousness, that it was for the *last* time—and in a moment afterwards it was covered with earth. The hard features of the man seemed to writhe before they would relax, till at last one large drop rolled down his cheek, while the mother was carried away in a state of insensibility. Subduing as the grief of a woman may be, there is something that harrows the soul in the sight of a man's tears—the drop seems wrung from his bleeding heart with the pincers of agony.

I stayed viewing the work of the sextons, which they completed with their usual business-like air, endeavouring to hush my jarring feelings with the beautiful lines of Moore—

" Weep not for those whom the vale of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes;
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies:
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it—
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it,
To meet in that Eden where first was its source."

Tranquilly as I witnessed the scene, I am not one of those who console such as are visited with this bereavement with the usual exclamation—" How enviable to be cut off so early from the world!" Although the early destiny of the babe may be viewed with mixed feelings, yet, for my own part, I think it betrays a morbid and repining spirit to rejoice at its sudden departure from the earth. If the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon us, is to be snatched from the world just as we have barely entered into it, by a parity of reasoning, the beginning and duration of life must be esteemed a curse—such an assumption defeats the natural object of existence; are we brought

into life, like the Chancellor in the drama, merely to shake our heads and leave the stage?

The only feelings of joy with which a generous mind can contemplate premature death, is, that the claims of the deceased to the exalted and imperishable joys of immortality must, from its innocence, be acknowledged without that examination, which few, more advanced in years, are prepared for, or do not shrink from. There is nothing more delightfully associated than our ideas of a dead infant; it is the type of an angel—the representative of the Godhead. If we lose a friend, one advanced in years, feeling from our own weakness the liability of another to err, a fear, even in all our hopes for his immortality, will intrude. The mind cannot offer itself the consolation which, in the case of pristine innocence, naturally occurs, where we think of the lost one immediately after its decease as a cherub nestled in the bosom of Heaven.

The grief of a parent who has never lost a child of a mature age is more lively when the victim is an infant than when it is grown; the feelings for the first are deeper and more permanent, while, for the other, they are more rapid and violent. A mother who is deprived of her last-born knows no alleviation to her sorrow;

she thinks not of the many that yet remain to comfort her; she almost dares to repine at the will of Heaven for depriving her of the purest and most innocent. She forgets that her babe has not, as yet, gone through the world of suffering, of pain, and of misery, that falls to the share of every sojourner in this unhappy world. She forgets that the innocent heart, which God hath so early claimed for his own, would, had it remained much longer here, have been defiled by a mingling with the feelings of our nature, and perhaps lost its pristine beauty and purity. She forgets that the long and wearisome journey we are sent to perform, in the hopes of obtaining at last the goal of hope and righteousness, is saved to the little one, and that it at once enjoys the bliss of the kingdom of Heaven, without ever having participated in the sorrows and miseries of earth.

Besides, were a mother to think of the revolution that is saved to her own feelings, she would not repine at the Creator's will. She should remember that, was the life of her child insured against the perils and pains of infancy, the brightest gem of her existence would be gone. If she looked upon her babe as secure against the

"thousand ills
Which flesh is heir to,"

she would be a stranger to all those delicious hopes, and

even fears, which constitute the most vital feelings of a parent's breast.

Let her not repress her grief entirely, it is one of the greatest errors of our nature to deny our feelings vent. The disciple of schools may tell us, that our tears are useless, and that they will not bring the dead to life, but he knows not the balm they pour into the soul. It is the inutility of our despair that causes its continuance. We weep, with the reflection that it avails us not—that it will not restore breath to the inanimate body, nor make the dead-cold eyes once more glisten with the consciousness of existence; tears, though the symbols of grief, are in truth the harbingers of joy, for, in giving vent to our emotions, they become exhausted.

"MERRY ENGLAND"

ON

MAY MORNING.

" Woods and groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with early song,
And welcome wish thee, and wish thee long."

MILTON.

"MERRY ENGLAND"

ON

MAY MORNING.

May, May!—our heart leaps, and we grow ten years younger at the word. It is really no mean thing, in the common-place world of prose in which we live, to feel a stimulus awakening what little of poetry and love that is left us. May has been, since the beginning of the world, the season of love and of flowers, the earth and the heart then sprout with their loveliest and most amiable blossoms. May is, time out of mind, the poet's holiday; and nature looks on her favorite with her kindest eyes, and puts on her birth-day suit to bid him welcome. Surely our forefathers never left us a sounder proof of their wisdom than in consecrating the most delicious season of the year to the renewal of loves and friendships, as if the best feelings of the heart and the flowers of the earth took, at the same time, a new lease of existence.

I do not know how it is, but with all the freshening of feeling which the simplicity of our ancestors brings on me, I am rather disposed to be melancholy on the occasion. The whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is, we have ceased to be a poetical country. We are, in serious prose, a nation of stock-jobbers, political economists, and shopkeepers. Let us take a spring back of a few centuries, when Spenser, Shakspeare, "Rare Ben," Middleton, Beaumont, and a host of lesser lights, spread a charm over the face of nature, softened the harsh shadows of reality, and gave immortality to the joys by which they were surrounded. Let us compare a May morning as they described, to the one usually spent by us.

Early after midnight, troops of youths and lasses, donned in their holiday attire, repaired, ere the sun gave them light, to the nearest wood. Here the hawthorn was plundered of its choicest blossoms, and the young votaries of lôve and nature, decorated with flowers and May-buds, bent their steps homeward, making their windows and doorways bear testimony of their early rising. A May-pole was then erected, adorned with garlands of flowers—the merriest man was lord of the revels, and the prettiest girl queen of

the day. Dance, song, and glee, lent wings to the hours, and the hushing twilight discovered our forefathers in all their ignorance, and all their happiness. Occasionally, the sports would be varied by trials of skill, in pitching the bar, or the more national and ambitious display of archery. This was not all confined to the male part of the revellers—the ladies had their share of the entertainment. Although they took no part in the contest, they were present as the arbitresses, and awarded the prizes to the victor. Each youthful aspirant felt his sinews braced, and his blood flow in a warmer current, by each kind and encouraging look thrown on him by his ladye-love, as she admired the athletic turn of his limbs, his manly grace, and vigorous energy. Then would the days of merry old Sherwood come across the recollection of the party; and Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and his foresters green, find willing and efficient representatives in a rural masque. The sports of the evening would generally finish under the May-pole;—the young would dance round it to the enlivening sounds of the pipe and tabor, while the old, as they sat looking on, and passing to each other the cheerful bowl, would, in recounting their youthful pranks, feel the sun of revelry thawing

the frost about their hearts, and, remembering they were once young, forget entirely that they had grown old :—

"O thou delicious spring! O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thick'ning grass,
And plain beneath Heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Vallies, and streams, and fountains; banks of green
Myrtles, and palm serene, ivies and bays;
And ye who warm'd old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light;
O quivered virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath—*ye are alone.* *

Alone! well we may say "those days are gone"—we are every day less and less "Merry England." The civil wars of the revolution, while it stained our soil with their crimson tide, dried up the spirit of romance and poetry in our ancestors' veins. As we have become enlightened, we have ceased to be poetical; we have lost poetry, and we have gained steam-engines. The peasants of the most romantic and secluded of our counties would rather spend their holiday at a dog or a man-fight, or in the smoky kitchen of a public-house, than join in the gayest sports of the loveliest of May-

* Leigh Hunt, from the Italian of Sannazaro.

mornings. And it is not they alone from whose hearts the bloom has gone. Our modern ladies and gentlemen would faint at the vulgar smell of a hawthorn bush in bloom, and would rather be suffocated in a select party of three hundred fashionables in a crowded drawing-room, than join a masque in which the Sydneys, and Raleighs, and the fine spirits of the olden time loved to mingle. We no longer regard our fields and meadows with the love of nature, but look upon them with an eye to the rent-roll;—not with the thought of their flowers and glades, but how much they will bring an acre. A sigh and a farewell for the days that are gone, and

"Back to busy life again."

May! thou art still as fragrant and blooming as when nature first formed thee, the young year's favorite! Thy fields are as green, thy flowers as fresh—thy skies are as blue, and thy streams are as clear—but, oh! thou art become the shadow of a name! It is our hearts, and not thou, which are altered.

But if we are so grown the slaves of circumstance as not to be qualified to enjoy the luxuries of a May morning in reality, let us do so in imagination. If our readers want assistance, let them get to heart the fol-

lowing verses, in which is endeavoured to be infused a little of the freshness and simplicity of the olden time.

SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

It is May, it is May!
And all earth is gay,
For at last old winter is quite away:
He linger'd awhile on his cloak of snow,
To see the delicate primrose blow;
He saw it, and made no longer stay—
And now it is May, it is May!

It is May, it is May!
And we bless the day
When we first delightedly so can say;
April had beams amidst her showers,
Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers;
And her frown would blight, and her smile betray,
But now it is May, it is May!

It is May, it is May!
And the slenderest spray
Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray,
And the birds sing fearlessly out on high,
For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky;
And the villagers join their roundelay—
For, oh! it is May, it is May!

It is May, it is May!
And the flowers obey
The beams which alone are more bright than they;

Yet they spring at the touch of the sun,
And opening their sweet eyes, one by one,
In a language of beauty seem all to say
And of perfume—'tis May, it is May!

It is May, it is May!
And delights that lay
Chill'd and enchain'd beneath winter sway,
Break forth again o'er the kindling soul,
And soften, and soothe it, and bless it whole.
Oh! thoughts more tender than words convey
Sigh out—It is May, it is May!

RURALIZING.

"Here hang no comets in the shape of crowns,
To shake our sweet contents; nor here . . . . .
Cares, like eclipse, darken our endeavours,
We live here without rivals, kiss with innocence,
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

At that peculiar season of the year, when it approaches to something of the nature of a crime to be detected in the act of vegetating within the bills of mortality, after a few brief preparations, I seated myself within a mail I saw standing at the extremity of Piccadilly, and soon found myself rolling away at the rate of ten miles an hour, without even knowing or inquiring whither I and my fellow travellers were destined. Having nestled myself to my most unqualified approbation in a very comfortable corner, and being baffled, by the approaching evening, in my attempts to discover the inhabitants of the three bundles of cloaks and great coats which held, in copartnership with myself, the temporary oc-

cupancy of the vehicle, I fell into a train of reflections, the tenor of which the reader will have no particular occasion to regret if I have most thoroughly forgotten. After we had proceeded a stage or two, the soprano notes which issued from the noses of my companions produced a lullaby of such a soothing nature, that, bidding the world good-night, I yielded to its overwhelming influence, for the express purpose of making a *quartet* of this subduing *terzetto.* My treacherous memory will not recall the exact subject of my dreams, they were doubtless of a most imaginative description; but being a lover of veracity, I should tremble at being suspected of indulging in that coloring by which travellers of all descriptions are so unfortunately distinguished. The only object during the evening that made any sensible impression on me, was the form of a remarkably bulky lady, which, in the course of her slumbers, had disenfranchised itself from what she called her husband "wrap-rascal." When I awoke, the "purple gleam of day" discovered a stranger's nose, short, red, and of the genuine pug, which, with the head it belonged to, was reposing on my shoulder, on the terms of a seven years' intimacy. Relieving myself as politely as circumstances would permit of this unexpected ob-

ligation, the coach, or rather the horses completed their intended course, in a village wearing so primeval an air of simplicity, and in so sequestered a spot, that I, whose last view of the earth happened to be that most unromantic of all situations, the White Horse Cellar, imagined I was suddenly dropped into Arcadia, till the appearance of the ostler, in top boots, effectually broke the delusion.

Rosedale! thou art indeed a delightful little spot! I wish the reader had it but as effectually in his mind's eye as I have at this moment. The high road does not generally run through it; an exceedingly steep hill is necessary first to be gained, ere you enter the village, which is situated in a really pastoral valley. A decent village inn, such an one as Morland would have delighted to paint, a fat landlady at the door way, a meditative cow stretching her neck from her habitation, a lazy stable-boy swinging on a gateway, and a few pigs lounging with an air of the most fashionable indifference about the foreground, filled up one side of the picture; nests of white little habitations, covered with creeping plants, which would, against your sober judgment, make you dream of "love in a cottage;" a rustic church, with an ivy-covered tower, and dark hanging groves of trees at a

distance, determined me to remain where chance had so unexpectedly thrown me, fully assured, were I to travel from "Indus to the Pole," I should not discover a nook of the earth more agreeable to what were then my existing feelings. "Here," I exclaimed, with as much innocent enthusiasm as if I had never partaken of them, "will I live, not only away from the smoke of the city of iniquities, but also from its hollow gaities and palling allurements. Here, amidst scenes of pastoral simplicity, shall I meet with that undisturbed harmony, and equanimity of feelings which distinguish man, ere the seducing refinements of polished life have extended their baneful influence. My landlady, knowing that even men of so sentimental a cast as myself require occasional feeding, with a nice perception of my more immediate wants, interrupted my soliloquy with the breakfast paraphernalia. There was bread that even made the snowy texture of the table-cloth grow pale, eggs, coffee, ham, water-cresses that looked still growing, and all the other substantial items of a country breakfast-table. As I threw open the casement, and let in the fresh breeze of the morning, and the scent of a few neighbouring jessamines, I felt a most vigorous contest for superiority between my appetite and enthusiasm.

The curling wreaths from the chimnies of the few cottages near divested them from every thing like vulgarity, and, before breakfast was concluded, my landlady had made arrangements for me with a respectable elderly lady, who would have no objection to "take in a single gentleman, and do for him." The sun which I had viewed on the evening before from a back window, shedding his farewell light on some exceedingly dirty chimney pots, now I had the satisfaction of seeing sink under his glorious panoply behind a distant range of hills, from the parlour window in my new habitation, and after a night's hearty repose I sallied forth to make further discoveries.

There was no town I found of any consequence adjacent, and very few of the higher or middling classes of society; perhaps, under any other circumstance, this would have been sufficient to deter me from fixing my abode at this charming little spot for any length of period, but in my then good humour with all around me, every thing was viewed through the same warm and glowing medium.

But, alas! it has become a stale truth that the world is chequered with disappointment; I feel much disposed to moralize, but, as I am told that is not my *forte*, shall

relate the story of my self-delusion with no more gravity than the serious moral lesson which it inculcates deserves. To my sorrowful certainty I found, upon a nearer acquaintanceship with the inhabitants, that the rustic simplicity and pastoral repose which I had so much admired in the village extended only to its exterior. Alas! who could have thought that party faction could ever have found its way into the bosom of so humble and unambitious a receptacle.

But there the grim monster had crept, and drew his breath with as much freedom as if he was a genuine denizen of the soil. Was it high church and low church principles, tythes, the game laws, whig or tory, those inexhaustible subjects of contention and argument, and consequently ill-will in the great world, that disturbed the peace of this little nook? No matters of such importance ever troubled the heads of those who entered into the parties of Miss Jones and Miss Baker, the Canning and Brougham of Rosedale.

The fathers of these ladies were two of the principal personages of the village, and were of the respectable fraternity of tailors. Without tracing back their ancestry till the period they first settled in Rosedale, I shall simply observe that Jones had for a short time

been considered as king of the little territory, till Baker, who had been a foreman at a neighbouring town, having some small property left him in the village, removed his shop-board there, and, in consequence of his importance as a landed proprietor, became a very formidable rival to Mr. Jones, who had hitherto monopolized all the tailoring in Rosedale.

It was a question of such deep importance which was the greatest man of the two, that, although it had been discussed for more than twenty years, it remained as undetermined as if it were to have been settled in the Court of Chancery. One half thought it was Jones, and the other were of opinion it was Baker. While they managed to set all about them to neglect their concerns, the thrifty pliers of the needle took a lesson from their neighbours, and minded their own; apt to differ on all points, they perfectly coincided in one, which was to make money as fast as they could: fortune smiled upon their endeavours, and each, to the other's mortification, grew comfortably rich.

They had each a daughter; and both of these possessed their fathers' spirit of rivalry, not to say jealousy, which strengthened with their ideas of their own importance, so that by the time they had arrived at the

age of discretion, they had become two of the most indiscreet girls in the village.

As Miss Jones and Miss Baker had each a *party* of their own, which they respectively headed, they were frequently called on to decide every dispute relative to the important question of distinction, which, with a spirit of impartiality that would make them appear of belonging to a higher class of society, they invariably decided in the way most conducive to their separate ways of thinking. If Miss Jones, or Miss Baker, said this or that, there was an end to the matter as far as regarded her party, while those who enlisted on the other side were sure to take precisely the contrary course, in order to keep up the pure spirit of opposition. Whether the point to be discussed related to the ducking of a vagabond in a horse-pond, the papering of a ringlet, or the pickling of onions, it met with a most elaborate investigation, and vigorous opposition. Time, which cares not a fig for all the Miss Jones's and Bakers in the world, jogged on as usual. Neither Miss Jones nor her rival were exceedingly handsome, but as the village swains looked on their respective papas as very warm old gentlemen, the young ladies had always a dozen of hearts ready, as roasted apples,

to break, whenever they were matrimonially inclined. Their merits and demerits were so equally balanced, that it was impossible to say which of the two ladies was the most amiable example. They therefore swayed their little aristocracy, as joint monarchs, till an event occurred, which nearly proved the downfal of Miss Baker's sovereignty.

This was the importation of a London lady, who condescended to visit the family of old Jones, being distantly related. Oh! for the triumphant feelings of Miss Betsy Jones, when her friend Miss Jenkins, of Bedford Bury, entered with her into the church. How she bridled, and what a number of disdainful glances she cast at her ill-starred rival, who wondered who the forward creature could be that monopolized the attention of the greatest part of the congregation. The parson was observed to return the bow of the old gentleman with a most reverential smile, and the clerk snuffled out what had long been decided as Miss Betsy's favorite psalm, which of course the Bakers declared the most ungenteel in the old version. These gay doings were not confined to the church alone; dances on the green, Pope Joan parties, and innumerable tea-drinkings took place among the victorious party,

and many, indeed, of the other side voluntarily surrendered, and joined the enemy.

But with all her vigorous attempts at gentility, Miss Betsy failed in convincing her elegant friend, that the society of Rosedale was as exclusive as it was select. Miss Jenkins had, upon several occasions, mentioned her abhorrence of country sports, having imbibed notions of fashions from a constant habit of reading the Lady's Monthly Museum, and walking regularly in the Park between church hours on each succeeding Sunday: her horror for every thing vulgar was so exceedingly well bred, that, upon a hale, bluff son of the plough giving her a kiss, it is a well authenticated fact, that she scented herself with rose-water, and kept a little camphor next her skin for upwards of a week afterwards.

Upon the pressing invitation of her friend to spend a short time at her establishment in town, the opportunity was not disregarded by Miss Betsy, who knew what an ascendancy she would acquire over her luckless rival by a visit to London. "The establishment" of Miss Jenkins' papa was nothing better nor worse than a respectable cheesemonger's shop, in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, which, although it was

an even distance from both St. Giles's and St. James's, she kept continually assuring her *protegée* that it was in the west end. It was here that the unsophisticated Miss Jones was to be initiated into the mysteries of high life and genteel society.

Without describing the elegant parties that she joined in Long Acre, and the fashionable people she was in the habit of drinking tea with in St. Martin's Lane, I shall reserve my powers of delineation until the young aspirant returned to her native village. As the coach did not usually run through the village, Mr. Jones had buckled his mare to his old chaise, which seldom saw daylight, except on an occasion of such vital importance as this. Scarcely had Miss Betsy, or, as she had latterly sunk that name (it being the opinion of the Jenkins's, that Eliza was softer and genteeler), Miss Eliza Jones reassumed her station at the head of her thrifty father's household, before she determined to prove "that she had not been to London for nothing," and accordingly made immediate preparations for a fierce campaign. The affairs of her rival were evidently drawing to a crisis; she was losing her strength, and that unless she gathered together her forces, and made a vigorous rally, it was

a dead certainty she would be completely beaten off the field.

The first disposition towards hostility was evinced by the enemy in the following sanguinary acts. An old acquaintance was cut for calling her Bet, without the complimentary adjunct: a little boy was whipped by the schoolmaster (who, it was whispered, was a secret ally of the Jones's) for not bringing his handkerchief to church, or at least for forgetting that he had one: and condign punishment was inflicted on the head of her respectable father, by depriving it of his caxon, and substituting powder and pomatum in its place. Strange that so many wonders should occur from a six weeks' residence at Bedford Bury!

The good folks of Rosedale, now no longer felt an inclination to visit London, as London was evidently visiting them; so great were the marvels which Miss Jones's return had worked. The amusements formerly in vogue were discarded, with the curse of vulgarity attached to them; amongst other improvements, whist was substituted for Pope Joan. The hour of meeting was changed from half-past four to seven, and it passed into an irrevocable law, that gentlemen attending the tea-table of the Jones's were not allowed to smoke.

The old cronies of the village used to shake their heads and look wise at these interpolations, and, when Miss Jones would pass them in her beaver hat and feathers, would look exceedingly knowing, and hint about knowing a vast deal of which they were entirely ignorant. To put the finishing stroke to these refinements, a dancing master was actually invited from a neighbouring town, as master of the ceremonies for a subscription assembly, which was to be under the direct patronage and influence of Miss Jones.

But Miss Baker had a soul above the frowns of fate, and although they were bent rather murkily upon her, she determined not to give up the contest without a struggle. As her rival had become the patroness of a dancing assembly, she announced her resolution of instituting a concert-room. In consequence of her father having purchased a spinnett at a great bargain, she had latterly become exceedingly musical; the parish clerk gave her lessons, as also in singing, in which latter accomplishment he was thought to arrive very nearly at perfection. The votaries of Terpsichore practised their orgies at a barn, while the music meeting flourished in the large room of the inn; the latter assembly had already a very formidable band, for, besides the first

spoken of spinnett, a trombone, a clarionet, and two pitch-pipes were added, to say nothing of the bugle of the coachman, who occasionally indulged the "Sons of Harmony," as the society was named, with a solo.

But "harmony, celestial harmony," was not to be drawn from any of the instruments, however lustily they might be exercised; and whether they danced with the Jones's, or squalled with the Bakers', the worthy folk of Rosedale were as unsettled, and as factitious as ever. So, having from this little world drawn many a reflection which I imagined might prove of service in a more extensive sphere, I bade adieu to Rosedale, with all its beauties, and increasing gentility; took possession, with infinite cordiality, of my forsaken, though solitary chambers, and occasionally dream of some retired nook, where neither London nor fashion have been heard of, and where simplicity and rural happiness remain undisturbed. Ever since I have been busily employed poring over a huge map of the world for two places, called Utopia and Arcadia, but my researches have as yet been unsuccessful.

THE UNKNOWN REGION.

THE UNKNOWN REGION.

An honorable member of a certain enlightened assembly, who had greatly distinguished himself by his topographical ingenuity and taste for good society, had, in the course of some statistical researches, discovered a part of the globe hitherto unknown, called by the natives Russell Square, and which was considered would be an important acquisition to the English dominions. A council of state was called upon this occasion, who, after six successive meetings, determined upon sending out an expedition, at the head of which was the original discoverer, to reconnoitre, and, if eligible, to take possession of the *terra incognita* in the name and behalf of the British crown. Unfortunately, I was myself at that time engaged in oddity-hunting in another part of the world, and was consequently unable to join the adventurous party, but have learned the whole particulars from the mouth of an intimate friend, who formed a portion of it, and who obliged

me with the tie of a cravat of one of the extraordinary inhabitants of the soil. His relation is to the following effect :—

"The conditions of our enterprise having been finally arranged, and our instructions delivered, sealed by the Lords of the Admiralty, after a few months' preparation we were enabled to commence our adventurous career. Prayers having been put up for our safe return, our wills having been made, and, in case of our never returning from

> 'That undiscovered country (Russell Square),
> From whence (it was dreaded) no traveller returns,'

our property secured, as well as handsome annuities to our wives and children, we embarked on board the Admiralty yacht from Whitehall Stairs. Here a scene that would have melted the heart of a stoic took place. The difficulties and horrors of our campaign, the melancholy fates of Mungo Park, and Captains Cook and Bowditch, the agonizing consequences of starvation, cannibalism, and vulgarity, which we were likely to encounter in these unknown regions, were depicted in their most vivid and powerful colors. But each of us was a Roman, a Columbus, prepared to stand or fall in the service of his country.

"The vessel left the shores amidst the tears, groans, and perfumed handkerchiefs of the surrounding multitude; so heart-rending were our *adieux*, that three officers of the guards, overcome by the afflicting crisis, went into strong hysterics, and were obliged to have their stay-laces cut. Standing on the poop of the vessel with a white handkerchief in one glove, and a bottle of *Eau de Cologne* in the other, we waved farewell to our friends, and, as the last vestige of their whiskers disappeared from our sight, a sad presentiment filled our minds that it was for ever. The gloom that this afflicting idea naturally cast over us had scarcely subsided, before we were violently seized with the sea-sickness (the tide running up then very strongly), but by a prompt application of a cordial, with which our considerating friends and relatives had provided us, we soon recovered sufficiently to enjoy the novelty of our situation. Groups of beings, wearing the form and countenances of men, though most barbarously disguised, occasionally passed us in what we supposed to be canoes, saluting us in an unknown and discordant tone. Our voyage concluded at a point which, we have since been informed, was discovered by a noble lord in a sailing expedition, where he was driven by adverse winds and

tides, and baptised by him "Waterloo Bridge," after a certain victory supposed to have been obtained by the ancient Britons some time previous to the flood. Having landed, we were immediately surrounded by a native tribe of a warlike and barbarous aspect, being in almost a primitive dress, having only the lower part of their persons covered. The appearance of their skin was most remarkable; it was intersected by blue seams, as if nature had supplied them with a shirt of her own formation—for not the slightest appearance of muslin or cambric was visible. The name of this horde of barbarism is, as we were afterwards informed, in their native *patois*, Scullers, and from the circumstance of their appearing peculiar to the river and its banks, the Professor of Natural History, whom we carried with us, after an elaborate investigation, declared them to be, peculiar to the soil, members of the animal kingdom, of a species between the alligator and crocodile. After a most minute inspection of our dress and habiliments, which apparently excited in their simple breasts the most intense curiosity, we were suffered to depart, happily without experiencing any injury or annoyance, save that of an odour (particularly villanous), which arose from certain cavities in their faces, which served

the creatures for mouths; and which odours, we have since discovered, was the effluvia caused by masticating a noxious herb, also peculiar to the soil, called by the natives *bacco*, or *quid*—the real name we unfortunately could not discover.

"Previously to our progression from this station, we had an opportunity of seeing, what our naturalist has declared to be since, the squaw, or *female* Sculler, bearing in her paws, or arms, one of its young. It is an animal of hardly any perceptible distinction from the male Sculler, save that it has longer hair on the head, and a total or partial absence of that excrescence from the chin and upper lip. Our suspicion that the whole race were cannibals, was confirmed by an accident, through which we were nearly deprived of the inestimable life of our most enterprising and worthy commander. As strangers to the soil, it was particularly our wish, as well as that of the authorities we represented, to reconcile our visits to the natives; and accordingly our highly beloved friend, with his proverbial resolution, consented to take the office upon himself. Intending, by way of conciliation, to chuck the young of the Sculler under its chin, the juvenile savage at once assured us of his anthropophigical propensity, by making a snap at the fingers of the honorable secretary,

and, what was more horrible, at those of his favorite hand. Fortunately, the prompt assistance of myself, and the rest of the party, prevented its carrying its sanguinary wish into execution, and we had the gratification of preserving a life so dear to his country, so inestimable in the discovery of science, and the starching of calico for cravat stiffeners.

"After reference to our geographical charts, we took our seats in our stanhopes, being preceded by our travelling chariots, a detachment of the Lancers, by way of security, two interpreters, a guide, and a surgeon, in case of casualties. By the instructions of the guide we steered in a direction N.E.E., and as we proceeded farther into the country, the barbarity and uncivilization became more apparent. Crossing a swamp called *the Strand*, we arrived at a native settlement called Drury Lane, inhabited by a horde infinitely more barbarous and rude than the tribe by which we were accosted on landing. The *indigites* of this soil, in ferocity of appearance, exceeded all our previous idea of savage life. They are generally *tattooed*, but the crevices in their skin, instead of variegated colors as the savages of the South Seas, seemed to be filled up by a composition much resembling dirt. They had, however, no tomahawks, nor implements of a warlike de-

scription, nor were any of them dressed in skins; although some of them had the hide of a beast hanging from their waist downwards, which appeared their only covering, and we understand is called by them—*leathern apron*.

"Passing by a native wigwam, which we found in our maps defined as *Vinegar Yard*, we were surrounded by a motley and terrific group of the inhabitants, both male and female. Of their sex we were in great doubt, especially of those who carried on their heads a kind of wicker basket, in which were a quantity of fish, of whose *genus* our naturalist declared himself perfectly ignorant. As we had often heard of the simplicity of man when undefiled by a knowledge of the world, of his hospitality, and his overflowing milk of human kindness, and feeling besides exhausted from the length and difficulties of our journey, we determined upon putting these fabled attributes to the proof. Holding up his stick, as an emblem of peaceable intentions, and backed by the Lancers, our interpreter advanced, and inquired for the hut of their chief, and requested, as we were much exhausted, they would oblige us with a small quantity of their ava, and a few of their native yams. As they seemed unable to detect his meaning, which we endeavoured to make more palpable, by all

of us at the same time advancing, simultaneously putting our fingers down our mouths, and rubbing our stomachs, in order to have our urgent necessities immediately gratified.

"Instead of our wants having been anticipated, as we had naturally supposed, the whole tribe immediately set up a discordant yell. Believing that we were still misunderstood, we resolved on asking for food, and assuring them of our peaceable intentions in all the languages we were masters of. One of the Lancers who had, during foreign service, picked up a few expressions of the Cherokee Indians, and also a knowledge of their habits, proposed addressing them. A consultation being held, and the result being favorable, he advanced; and in the Cherokian language asked for food, invoking at the same time the great spirit, which he did by spitting on his hands (an Indian custom), and holding up his right foot for the purpose of his auditor kissing it, as a token of conciliation. The person whom he addressed, in an uncouth, but certainly melodious language, answered in these words:

"Dōm hēw-ēr hīēs, gĭē ūs nōne ŏ' hēw-ĕr-jāw.*

* These remarkable words have been submitted to the attention of the Royal Academicians of the Literary Society; who, after several meetings, have come to a decision, that they are deriva-

"Another, whom I had willingly entreated in my native tongue for a place of shelter, answered in the following couplet, which convinced me of the truth of the supposition of Mr. Thomas Campbell, the intended lecturer of poetry to the London University, that mankind in an aboriginal state is essentially poetical, and express their ideas either in rhythmical or figurative language—

"Hāx hăy-bout,
Aū fĭnd it hoūt.

"Others shouted with a peculiar strength of lungs, *Bedlam! Bedlam! ha! ha!* These words appeared to be instantly caught up by the surrounding groups, and communicated like wild-fire amongst the different tribes, which by this time had increased to an alarming magnitude. Horror struck—the idea entered our minds, that the war whoop had been sounded, and, as we actually saw many scalping knives in the hands of the barbarians, we concluded we should be brutally massacred. Resigning ourselves to the protection of Providence, we breathed a short and hurried prayer, beseeching that, if we fell a sacrifice to the blood-

tive from the *Teutonic*, and that they express a peculiar invocation to, or denunciation of, the eyes of the party addressed, with a request that he will refrain from further speaking.

thirsty savages, and were roasted and eaten alive, our widows and fatherless babes might meet with protectors, who would also see what remained of our bones decently interred. Scarce had we risen after the delivery of this prayer, when one of the female barbarians, with a wild ferocity gleaming from her eyes, and a grin which spoke the darkness of her intent, swore by Jingo (the name we understand of the idol they worship) that she would have a '*buss.*' Seizing upon our right honorable leader, who is of a small and particularly delicate make, she uttered aloud, that he was 'so spick and span, and so nice a tit-bit, she could eat him.' By the savage glee with which she strained him in her arms, and the awful extension of her jaws, we presumed she was about to carry her threat into execution, for, when the tremendous gulph was opened, our beloved secretary did not seem to be above a respectable mouthful! Advancing as near as we dare approach, with tears in our eyes, we bade him adieu, and conjured him to deliver his dying request, solemnly promising that, should one of us escape to be the survivor, he should carry it to his widow. At this instant, our commander uttered a piercing cry of agony, on the she-dragon applying her lips to his face, as the ana-

conda is said to lick her victim over ere she gorges him; whether it was this shriek, or the natural caprice of her sex, we have to thank for his emancipation from her bloody talons, we know not, but she released him, without any further outrage than barbarously disarranging the tie of his neck-cloth. Having secured ourselves against the perpetration of any further atrocity, by a rapid flight, we returned thanks to the power that had preserved to us our beloved leader. Arriving at a settlement, marked out in the maps as Great Russell Street, the marks of civilization became more apparent, particularly when we saw a native approaching in shoes, stockings, and a *bona fide* pair of breeches; but our surprise was increased on reaching the place of our destination, 'Russell Square,' to find very few traces of savage life, and a wigwam of considerable extent erected in close imitation of our beloved and long-lost homes!

"Having stopped at a house which had the appearance of being inhabited by a civilized being, our interpreter, in the *patois* of the country, requested we might be admitted inside, for the sole purpose of judging of the manners and customs of foreign nations. The creature who received our request was habited much after the

same fashion as our footmen, only the wretch, as if to put his uncivilization beyond a doubt, actually wore white cotton stockings, and his hair without powder. Being shown up stairs, we entered a room of considerable dimensions, and our astonishment may be more easily conceived than expressed, on our finding instead of naked beings, squatted cross-legged on mats on the floor, we found them decently attired, and sitting upright in most Christian-like and indubitable chairs. The master of the house, a short, fat, and for a savage, an apparently inoffensive man, having by no means a blood-thirsty appearance, made us welcome according to the fashion of the country, which he did by the following ceremony:—Placing himself about half a yard before us, with both sets of his toes so drawn in as to nearly meet, one of his hands being stuck where his breeches pocket should be placed, he ducked his head and shoulders (as if he would make a bow), at the same time drawing one of his feet from the other, and scraping it on the floor; this accomplished, he resumed his former position, muttered some unintelligible words, which sounded like 'perdigiously happy,' tucked up the collar of his shirt (for the wretch actually wore one), and stalked away.

"It is needless to say that we were regarded with symptoms of infinite astonishment by the natives, with whom the room was filled, and who appeared to be mimicking the manners of civilized life, and often calling out words, which we have since understood to be names of liquids peculiar to the country, viz.—'port,' 'sherry,' and 'lemonade.' Our curiosity being amply gratified, the short fat native, who had first addressed us, marched up to me, and to my indescribable alarm offered to introduce me to his daughter, a young savage of about seventeen, who he pointed out sitting in a nearly civilized attitude on a legitimate sofa. Perceiving me shudder at the proposal, for I had heard that the New Zealanders, and other barbarous tribes, sometimes eat their friends, as well as their enemies, he inquired of me the cause, and fearful of the consequence of exciting the anger of these savages while in their power, I expressed my total willingness to the introduction, and declared that my only objection was, lest she should scratch; upon his assuring me she was perfectly tame, I consented to be led (though like a lamb to the slaughter) to the couch, praying most fervently, though silently, she would not make a meal of me. What was my horror when the short fat gentleman addressed her

with a horrid wink of the eye—'Poppett, as I know you to be partial to these smart young fellows (Heavens! she was then addicted to cannibalism), I have brought you one.' I heard no more, but making up my mind I was to be served up for supper, flew with the utmost rapidity my stays would permit me, when my ears were electrified at the sounds of Stultz and Nugeè. I knew not how it was, but the hearing of these words, surrounded as I was by doubt and danger, calmed at once my agitated spirits, like some well remembered air which we have heard in our infancy, stealing over the waste of years and distance, I felt completely overcome by my feelings. Home, and my native land, with a thousand sweet associations of relatives, and all the charms of friendship and love, seemed to accompany the sounds, and I gazed with unqualified mildness on the innocent source of my happiness, who stood gazing in simple wonder at my ill-suppressed surprise. I was nearly fainting, and should have fallen, had it not been for a kind-hearted squaw in a satin slip, and blond trimmings, bathing my temples with a grateful distillation of otto of roses. The natural reserve of my disposition having been overcome by the force of nature, I proposed to our entertainer, if he

would part with his daughter, to take her back with us, and make her a member of the civilized world. He shook his head, and declared his inability to relinquish her; so great do we find the force of parental affection even in savage life; but upon the approach of his son, an eligible and ductile youth, with a promising pair of whiskers, and irreproachable pantaloons, he consented to part with him, declaring that next to his daughter he was the only solace of his life. As the youth bore the name of his tribe, the semi-barbarous cognomen of Simpson, he agreed to accept of that of *Lee boo*, not only as being more civilized, but expressive of his situation. As he was of an ambitious nature, he had made, unknown to his parent, many excursions towards the west; we therefore agreed to accept of him as our guide; and we left our simple and promising friends with the assurance of a speedy return: as a pledge, we exchanged one of our cravats, well stiffened, and with the Petersham tie, for one of the collars worn by the male, and a flounce of the she-savage's petticoats; promising also to send them, on our arrival, a pattern of Lord H——h's beard, which approached nearer to savage life than any other object we could then think of in the civilized world.

"We reached Connaught Place without any accident, with the young savage as a trophy, and received the most affectionate welcome on our unexpected and safe return. Prayers were put up the following day at most of the fashionable churches, and a solemn *te deum* was composed expressly for the occasion. The young savage has already realized the expectation we formed of his docility and capacity; already he speaks our language equal to a native—has run through the whole of his property—keeps race horses—and has an opera singer under his protection—never pays a bill, and is admitted without a voucher at every hell in the metropolis; has forgot his father's name, and never hears the unknown region of 'Russell Square' mentioned, but he inquires—'if that is not the place where the people drink porter, and don't wear shoes and stockings?'"

MY BIRTH-DAY.

And can it be my birth-day, this?
 The day which in my boyish years,
Came like an April beam of bliss,
 Let in upon life's vale of tears?
Is this the same bright day of love and joy?
And, oh! should thoughts like these that happy day
 employ?

I then was the too favor'd child,
 Of those whom 'tis not mine to blame;
Yet had they been less weakly mild,
 The woes that with my manhood came,
Would have been more relenting, or unfelt;
For then this heart so soon had never learnt to melt.

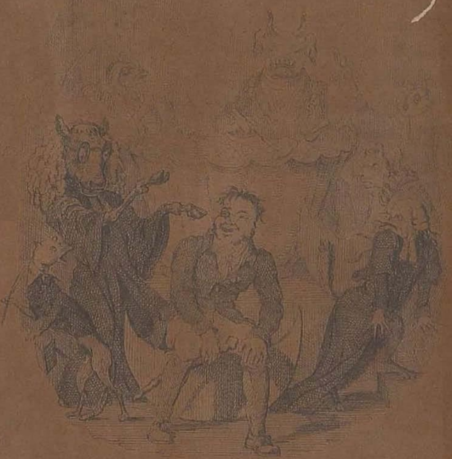
I stood for a brief dizzy time,
 Exalted in my youth's first pride;
But my bold spirit, in its prime,
 Fell with the earliest hope that died,

And I was left, self-doom'd and self-abased,
To sigh after the shade I had so vainly chased.

I am scarce yet of manhood's age,
And yet am aged in my woe;
I have felt passions in me rage,
And meaner follies lay me low;
And whatsoe'er of good or ill there be
On earth, is as a tale more than twice told to me.

But let my spirit from its sleep
Waken and work while yet 'tis day;
For man was never born to weep,
And sigh and languish life away:
It is a gem which, howsoe'er bereft,
Has worth and beauty still, in every fragment left.

PLATE VI.



FLIGHTS IN THE AIR.*

For breaking the head of an exciseman, emptying a thimble-full of whiskey, or handling a shillelagh, go from Lough Swilly to Cape Clear, and you would not meet with a likelier lad than Daniel O'Rourke. Not a christening, wake, or wedding, but what bore witness to Dan's prowess in all these indispensable qualifications of a polite Irishman; and woe to the head or barrel (no matter which) of him who disputed either. Dan was indeed a prince of a fellow, or, as the girls swore, "a jontleman every inch of him;" but it is a melancholy fact, that human nature and perfection are far from being synonimous, and that the wisest and best of us have our faults, and Dan had a trifling one. The fact, if the truth must be known, was, that Dan loved a

* Daniel O'Rourke's flight to the moon has been the subject of various legends and tales: that of Mr. Croker's, in his "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," appears to be the greatest favorite; and to which the author is indebted for his information of Dan's introduction to the eagle in the earlier part of the narrative.

drop of mountain-dew to his life; a bottle of whiskey, and every thing to him had the same meaning. In the hour of woe, it was his bodily and spiritual comforter, and heightened the enjoyment of his festive moments; in a word, it was his panacea. It must not be omitted to mention, that Dan was a "natural" at shaking a loose leg at a neighbour's wedding, and there was none like him at brown paper and vinegar in binding up the sconce of a fallen comrade; for Dan, in the true spirit of Irish friendship, would split his last potatoe with you one minute, and, "all for love," as he would consolingly tell you, split your head in the next.

The tenor of a man of Cork's life, in general, runs smooth enough. Eating, drinking, fighting, and kissing, are its component parts, and as long as he leaves the Orangemen and White Boys alone, he has a safe chance of keeping sorrow at a respectful distance. Dan had very few troubles of his own; but, as he would occasionally feelingly observe, he had a wife to compensate him for their loss; and sometimes he would feel rather pensive at the sight of the bottom of his cask, but his only care was how to get it filled again—at whose expense did not give him any uneasiness. To be sure, when he had been indulging too freely, Mrs. O'Rourke

was apt to remind him of it, in a way rather unpleasant to his feelings; but Dan took it in good part, and devil of a bit did he relish his potatoe the worse for the scolding by which it was generally accompanied. Still the dignity of the historian obliges me to confess, that Dan would [illegible] have encountered half a dozen boys from T[illegible] any day in the week, than a little member which occasionally showed itself between the teeth of his darling Biddy; but, 'though probably no reader of Kit Marlowe, he comforted himself with the assurance of that ancient dramatist, that

> "All women's tongues are tortures unto men."

Death had just laid low O'Rourke's old comrade, Teddy O'Toologan, than whom, as he, upon hearing of the sad event, with his usual propriety of diction, declared—"there was not, in the county of Cork, another better behaved boy, alive and kicking." Was it possible, therefore, that he could refuse an invitation which the afflicted Mrs. O'Toologan gave him, to make one at the defunct's wake? Thither he bent his pensive steps, and in the Irish jig and the Irish howl, no one went before him. So great was our hero's affliction, that he could not demonstrate it better than by getting most devoutly

drunk; which he did, to the unequivocal satisfaction of every gentle soul present.

It was a dreary long way that O'Rourke had to go home, through bog, bramble, and mire, and the first puddle he came to told him that his heels were considerably cooler than his head; but, putting his best leg foremost, he defied, in genuine Irish (for fear he should be overheard), Death, the Devil, and the Exciseman.

"Now be asy, can't you?" said Dan to himself, as one of his legs sank knee deep into a bog, and the other made instant preparation to follow its example. "Is it for the leg of a respectable Irish jontleman to get drunk after this rate?" as he gave the refractory limb a good-humored tap with his shillelagh. "Oh! you baste, what will the illigant Mrs. O'Rourke say, when you walk home with me in the morning?" The thought of his wife very naturally carried with it a sedative effect, and Dan, sinking a little deeper into the bog, began to nod

"At the winking stars."

His slumbers were long before the dawn awakened by a huge rustling of feathers under his nose, and upon opening one of his eyes (for the other his loving cousin,

Dennis Flatheray, had closed by an affectionate application of his fist at parting), he beheld by his side a reverend eagle of a particularly grave and gentleman-like demeanor.

"The top of the morning to your aygleship," was the first salutation of Dan, who, in his polite waggery, forgot it was barely midnight.

"A fine evening, Mr. O'Rourke," replied the eagle, in very excellent Irish; "I hope Mrs. O'R. and all the little ones are well."—"Fait, an' is it yourself that would spake, and in as proper as English as ever was spoken in Ireland?"

The eagle politely inclined his beak, and continued—"Excuse my freedom, but you appear to have taken a drop too much! 'pon honor, you are really in a devil of a pickle."—"The same to you, sir, and all your family," cried Dan in return, too much fuddled to wonder at even an eagle's banter.

"Hark ye, my worthy friend, would you not like to be safely lodged in your comfortable cabin?"—"Ah! your honor knows my secret thoughts."—"Well, well, Daniel, all you have to do, is to get safe on my back, and merrily, cheerily, we'll go."—"An' sure enough,

would it be a dacent thing for a respectable man like Daniel O'Rourke, who goes to mass as rig'lar as clock-work, never makes a baste of himself (a slight hiccup *en-passant*), to be seen riding home on a Sunday morning on a rip of a bird like yourself?"—"Pooh, pooh, Daniel, never mind what the world says, put your left hand between my wings, and cock one of your legs across the middle of my back, and we shall soon be above it; never mind my feathers being rough, my d——d rascal never curried me this morning; I'll pluck his feathers, when I get back, with a vengeance."

As the eagle appeared such a civil spoken bird, upon his extending one of his claws to help him out of the bog, Dan made no more ado, but immediately mounted. Hardly had his kind friend spread his wings, ere he found out that he had taken his seat the wrong way, with his face towards the eagle's tail; upon which the bird good-naturedly observed—"Excuse me, but can you make it convenient to get a little lower down? your legs are quite in the way of my wings; just shift yourself to a spot delicacy forbids me to mention, and you will be amazed to find how comfortable you will ride." Dan did as he was bade, and seizing hold of the

ample tail, in less than a second, found he was scowering through the air, at the rate of twenty miles a minute.

"Here we go up, up,"

merrily chaunted the eagle,

"And here we go down, down,"

half hiccupped and half quavered O'Rourke; for what with the liquor he had drank, and the fluctuating course of his ride, his senses began strongly to wander. The city of Cork he declared to his companion had got drunk, for it reeled about in a vastly odd manner; lakes, mountains, bogs, and plains, seemed to be enjoying a family jig, for all appeared dancing and tumbling about in the oddest and most heterogeneous manner possible.

The king of the air, who probably was a better judge of these matters than his rider, hallooed in rather an imperious tone—"Seize fast hold of my tail, or I shall drop you as dead as a herring into Dungarvon Bay." Poor O'Rourke, too much frightened to do any thing but obey, seized fast of the feathered extremity, while one of his legs reposed on his patron's back, and the other dangled in the air, as if both were on contrary scents. They had now arrived at a considerable height,

and the pureness of the air, in some degree, blew off the clouds of mystification which darkened our voyager's brain. He now, to his wonder, saw every thing as through a microscope. The mighty Glendeeloch looked not much larger than a thimble; the ancient pile of Carrigaphooka resembled more than any thing else a diminutive mouse trap; it would have been a difficult matter to have drowned a respectable rat in Bantry Bay; and even Thoumuldeeshig's plain was not capacious enough for a select party of the "good people"* to play a game of skittles on.

"Arrah, my sowl, if it is'nt your honor getting on at a queer rate; what the divil is to become of poor Daniel O'Rourke, should the baste—I beg your honor's pardon, I meant yourself—make a false step?"

"Why, my good friend, I calculate you would, at this elevation, have a fall of five thousand seven hundred feet," coolly replied the eagle, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a pouch under his left wing.

"The divil burn me"——"Hush, hush," said the eagle; "no swearing on my back, if you please; we

* Fairies.—*Hibernice.*

are now hovering over Cape Finisterre, in a few seconds we shall pass the Straits of Gibraltar, into which, you may rely upon it, you shall tumble, without you keep a guard over your discourse: no more of your filthy, low Irish, I beg of you; I hate brogue as I do a musket ball."

Dan, who upon his first getting out of the bog, it being a clear frosty December night, had felt rather cold and stiff, upon passing the tropic of Cancer, began most bitterly to grumble at the heat; the eagle, upon this, for so pacific a bird, swore a most tremendous oath, and declared he would drop him into the Red Sea, or else unceremoniously leave him on the top of Ararat, by way of cooling him. Poor O'Rourke found he was so completely in the gentleman's power, that the best thing he could do, was to keep his tongue between his teeth; so civilly inquiring of the bird of Jove, when it was his honor's intention to breakfast, he was comforted with the assurance, that as soon as they reached the Andes, which were only a thousand leagues distant, it was his intention to stop, having to stand godfather to a young eaglet, and a family party waiting till he had arrived for a jollification. As Dan knew the value of his accomplishments in this intellectual amusement, he

felt his spirits get up a hundred per cent. "Saint Patrick, forsake me," gaily cried he, as he tightly squeezed the eagle's tail, "if they give me but a drap o' the krater, if I don't dance an Irish jig, or shake a shillelagh, with all your rev'rence's uncles, and cousins, I'll be"——"No profane swearing," once more exclaimed the Olympian bird.

To make short of a terrible long journey, the travellers arrived at the Cordilleras, the bleak air of which blew over their summits, and made Dan cuddle himself as comfortably as he could in his companion's feathers, till the latter graciously signified his intention of alighting on the nearest mountain, which happened to be Chimboroza. He had scarcely touched the surface of the snow-clad apex, ere he quietly disengaged himself from O'Rourke, and lodged him gently in a bed of snow, gaily exclaiming—"Good morrow, Mr. O'Rourke; you see I have provided you with a lodging, and a soft bed in the bargain. You must excuse my taking you with me to breakfast; ours is quite a family party—sorry, 'pon honor, I can't introduce."

"Arrah! the divil, and all the other holy saints, you big baste, and is this the way you would sarve a respectable gentleman of the county of Cork? bad luck to

you, you good for nothing varment, and all your hook-nosed family."

Luckily for Dan, he had not long to meditate over his forlorn condition, compared to which even the tongue of Mrs. O'Rourke was a bagatelle, ere he beheld his cruel tormentor returning from his morning call, sailing majestically over the head of the mighty Chimboroza. As the king of the air made a full swoop upon the luckless bog-trotter, a grin of the most unamiable description widened his beak. "Plase your rev'rence, show a little marcy upon a poor turf-cutter, who you took warm and snug from a comfortable bog an hour and a half ago, to leave on this here undacent mountain top."

The ill-natured wretch, however, approached him only for the sake of indulging in a satirical laugh, and again spread his wings, and soared towards the clouds, which seemed bending towards them. "Fire and potheen!" thundered out Dan; "if I am to be done after a fashion like this by an ugly son of your mother:" and making a vigorous spring, he rendered apparent to the eagle his acknowledged reputation of being "a cute lad," by catching hold of one of the gentleman's legs; who, after making a desperate attempt

to shake him off, soared away, as if once more bearing the thunders of the son of Saturn, Dan keeping his hold, and hanging from the leg of the bird like the supernumerary jacket of a hussar officer. Away they go: soon they sever through the clouds, which were but a few moments before suspended above them; rushing through the curtains of heaven with the daring freedom of an acknowledged guest, earth is lost to their ken, and all above, beneath, and around them is one vast and illimitable chaos. Here and there some solitary luminary, wasting its pale and silvery light, revolved like a ball of pure flame on its invisible axis; beds of stars like streams of light, and rivers of molten silver, ran through the gauzy furniture of the skies, reflecting, from their unfathomable abysses, the certainties of wondrous and countless worlds; but O'Rourke, the most meditative part of whose life was the getting over of the effects of a previous night's debauch, had, as it may be suspected, but a very limited taste for the sublime and beautiful. Higher and higher mounted the eagle, and tighter and tighter grasped the Hibernian, till a full and powerful light so dazzled his one eye, that it speedily imitated its brother in misfortune, by

closing its fringed curtains; and whither the flapping wings of the eagle were going, he remained in the most innocent and unconscious ignorance.

Upon exerting his circumscribed power of vision, he found himself surrounded by what appeared one vast ocean of light, frozen into a dazzling and splendid substance. "My good friend," said the eagle, being the first civil words he had spoken for the last hour, "we are arrived at the moon, and here, if you inquire for the Rising Sun, you will meet with very excellent accommodation; the morning air, I have no doubt, has given you a glorious appetite for breakfast." With this parting advice, and wrenching his leg with an undeniable force from the despairing energy of the unlucky bog-trotter, downwards he sailed, and soon to the sight looked a respectable earwig.

Dan being left to himself found he was rolling away with a prodigious velocity, on a slippery surface, which appeared like the exterior of an immense globe, keeping continually revolving. Over and over he rolled, till he found himself tumbling from an immense height, and as he fell, his sides assured him that he was grazing against a rocky mountain. Falling, falling, he at last seemed to dash through a sky-light, and ere he could

ascertain the fact, to his utter amazement, he found himself plumped into a dish of warm liquor, round which a circle of grotesque looking beings were saying grace, as if about to take their morning repast.

It need scarcely be said, that the surprise of both parties was equal, when O'Rourke feeling what appeared to be a three-pronged fork stuck into his sides, started up out of the breakfast material in which he had been so unexpectedly soused, and, as the liquid streamed from his twisted locks, saluted them in a genuine brogue with—"By the powers, you ugly childer of the divil's own mother, and is this your way of giving *pot luck* to a benighted traveller, who has just dropped in by accident?"

"A miracle, a miracle!" cried a reverend-looking gentleman, having an owl's head with ass's ears, and cloven feet, whom Daniel subsequently discovered to be an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"An action of trespass—*quare* ID *clausum-fregit—vi et armis—contra pacem,* will lie with special damage for breaking the sky-light," followed an equally grave animal, with a hawk's beak and a ferret's eye, and an appendage hanging from a black robe like a fox's tail, which he wagged with unequivocal satisfaction.

"An incident, an incident!" roared a blue looking wretch, in the form of a weazel; "what a charming situation for my next series of "Tales of the Hideous and the Horrible!"

Poor O'Rourke, in the ignorance of the language in which these observations were made, and from the greedy looks which the half human and half brutal party cast upon him, imagined that he was about to be cut up to pieces by way of a relish for their respective breakfasts. His fears seemed realized, and he felt perfectly convinced it was all over with him, when he beheld a very large beast with bristles in his face, and having a handsome pair of horns branching out of his head (who he afterwards discovered to be an alderman), distend his jaws to such an extraordinary compass as to threaten instant destruction. However, it pleased the worshipful brute only to signify the state of his mind by a long and continued grunt, by way of a response to the grace which had been so abruptly terminated on O'Rourke's sudden appearance, the words of which, no doubt, were the old, and for its brevity much approved, supplication—"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

The alarm of the morning visitor, and the amaze-

ment of his beholders, having partly diminished, he got as well as he could out of the breakfast bowl, and began to shake himself with the coolness and deliberation of a water spaniel after a good ducking. This ceremony had scarcely been concluded, when an animal, of the appearance of an overgrown calf, though with the addition of an immense wig, a professor's gown, and a pair of spectacles, advanced to our adventurous friend, and, in a language which the latter felt "sartain was all moonshine," politely bowed, and said—"May I be allowed to examine your bumps?" Without further ceremony, many of O'Rourke's superfluous locks were severed from his battered skull, upon which the professor's paw got exceedingly busy making discoveries.

"Benevolence! Benevolence!" were his first delighted accents, as he pointed to a bump, which our hero had received in part payment of a score of ditto, paid on the cranium of an outrageous Orangeman at the last Clonekilty fair. "Amativeness and conjugal love!" was the result of an elevation caused by a poker, which the gentle Mrs. O'Rourke occasionally exercised, in upholding the dignity of her sex. "Adhesiveness!" as he felt a lump of the bog, which had taken up its quarters on Dan's crown. "Inhabitiveness!" shrieked

a female voice, the professor retreating a few steps backward, as he proceeded a little further with his discoveries—not doubting but what feeling was believing as well as seeing.

O'Rourke, who never showed his teeth, till he knew what sort of customers he had to deal with, had remained tolerably passive during this curious examination; but even an Irishman's patience may become exhausted, and he began to whistle, with an alarming vehemence, "Moll Roe in the morning;" when the inspector shouted, "destructiveness!" as he placed his forefoot under our hero's ear, and, without waiting for another syllable, the whole party took to their legs and wings. The weazel crept between the legs of the parson, who was the first to fly; the lawyer sneaked off, and the professor caught fast hold of his tail; while the poor alderman, in a vain attempt to waddle to the door, fell prostrate at the threshold, and over his unfortunate carcase the whole of the enlightened assembly, cackling, lowing, screaming, hooting, and bellowing, passed, leaving their newly received visitor to form the best opinion he could of them.

In explanation of this wonderful scene it need scarcely be said, that the man of Cork had dropped into another

world—that of the moon. The odd-looking beings he found to be, subsequently, the inhabitants, the forms of whose bodies were indebted to those parts of the brutal creation which they most resembled in mind; differing from the human creation of a planet with which he was more intimately acquainted in external appearance only—the mixture of man and brute unfortunately, of whose nature being not so readily distinguished by sight.

Had any other traveller but O'Rourke the opportunity here afforded him, the world (we mean our own) would have been enlightened by a brace of quartos, entitled—"Notes of a Journey to, and temporary Residence in, the Moon; containing a Full Account of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of that most interesting World." But unlucky Dan was invariably brief in his descriptions; he only remembered sufficient to tell his wondering hearers, upon his return, that he had been taught the dozen languages of the moon, by a professor of the Hamiltonian system, who took upon himself the whole merit of the discovery, by declaring that the new mode was first taught in the moon; and that it was impossible it could be successful any where else.

His accounts of the classification of the different inhabitants were unfortunately very confused; and being

strict admirers of veracity, we have rejected those portions of his narrative which appear visionary or imaginative. The population appeared principally to consist of a motley groupe of birds, beasts, and fish: for instance, he detected politicians by the different attributes of a spaniel and vulture; lawyers bore a family likeness to sharks; priests had the benevolent and meek form of sheep, although Dan could not help remarking they had many black-legs among them. He was astonished at finding the strong resemblance which many of the nobility bore to the first born of Judy, his favorite three-year-old short-horn; and, upon making inquiries of a pensive looking dromedary, whether there were such beings as Mrs. O'Rourke in the world, he felt considerably surprised at being referred to a large flock of geese, which were cackling on a common, near the principal city. The military portion of the inhabitants he found remarkable for nothing, saving the extraordinary length of their ears.

His only visit to the courts of law, was during an important trial brought by a carrion crow against a magpie, for calling him "black-legs and gallows bird." Upon the verdict being given, with enormous damages to the plaintiff, for the wound which his feelings and

reputation had received, O'Rourke inquired the best plan of leaving a world, which, bad as his own undoubtedly was, he did not think altogether any better; being referred to a newly-established joint-stock company, he found the safest and most expeditious manner of travelling, was to be rammed into a mortar, and shot through a moveable tunnel, by means of a fourteen pounder, the last invention of a member of the Lunarian "Mechanics' Institute."

From the style of our voyager's arrival at this wonderful globe, it may be expected that he was not over delicate in his inquiries respecting the safety of his return. A learned society having fixed the relative position which Dan's cabin, at Ballynarooga, in the county of Cork, bore to his present situation in the moon, fixed the spot where the tunnel was to be placed, and by a gentle application of steam, the mortar was instantaneously charged with our hero and his leaden companion; and both, in three quarters of an hour, five minutes, and twenty seconds, were shot upon the dear little dung-hill, opposite his own cabin door.

As it was not yet sun-rise, Dan, with all the delicate sensibility of a husband and a father, disliked disturbing his family at so early an hour, and therefore deter-

mined to finish his nap where he was. In the course of his slumbers, the gabbling of the geese still appeared to ring upon his ears; but, upon opening his eyes, how great was his satisfaction to find all that he had heard was nothing more than the morning salutation of Mrs. Daniel O'Rourke.

THE EYE OF WELCOME.

I HAVE beheld the summer cloud flash o'er
  The twilight waters gleaming; I have seen
The watch-fire glimmering on the long-left shore
  Of my nativity, and mark'd the sheen
Of morn re-kindling the night-faded green
Of those dear meadows where my childhood play'd;
  And fate hath giv'n me once again to look
  On Heav'n's veil'd radiance in the shadowy brook,
Where oft, in manlier years, pensive I stray'd,
Till the last roses on its face decay'd:
But ne'er on sea or shore, mead, stream, or sky,
Shone aught so lovely as the glistening eye
That hail'd my wish'd return, and charms me still:
  'Twas lightning sheathed—a beacon blaze, not warning,
But welcoming;—'twas dawn, without its chill—
  Eve, with the freshness, and the hope, of morning.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

" No sail is on the boat, no oar is at its side,
Yet over the blue sea swiftly doth it glide,
While the meteors are dancing
Across the hoar spray,
And the ether light glancing
To point out the way."—

M.S. In life in death the same.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

The enthusiasm of the poet has owned an excitement which it never till then knew, and he has felt the inequality of language to feeling, in his first view of the Lake of Geneva. On her broad and ample bosom the Alps meet with the only mirror capable of reflecting their towering grandeur, while the mighty objects themselves, in whose dim perspective the power of vision seems lost, appear to isolate the beautiful scene from the remainder of the world. It was, in former times, the favorite recreation of the Genevese, when the heat of the day was over, to sail across the lovely surface of the lake; and upon a vernal night, when the blue arch of Heaven, studded with its innumerable stars, was reflected on the bosom of the waters, might be seen the barks of the careless citizens bounding from shore to shore, their slender sails silvered by the moon-beams, and in the distance resembling fallen luminaries over the vast space. The tinkling of the

guitar, and the wild melodies of the Pays de Vaud occasionally arose, even when the skiffs they proceeded from were out of the hearer's sight, for the stillness of the scene seemed to echo the sound, and give the wild notes of the musician the attributes of an enchanter's spell.

It was not uncommon for a female to be seen gliding alone in a fragile bark; and when only her voice was heard warbling one of the popular airs of her native canton, either dwelling on the beauties of the surrounding scene, or recounting, in inspiriting verse, the glorious deeds of her forefathers, the auditor might fancy he heard a voice from the grave of time, or that the waters themselves uttered a wild and unearthly melody, till the solitary skiff of the fair sailor gently undulated the waves around.

One passage, however, is shunned by the fair adventurers, who, as they pass the boundary, cross themselves with devout fervour; and neither inducement nor irony will prevail even on the hardier and more fearless sex to suffer their boats to approach the current, between the village of Clâse and Geneva, when night has cast its shadows over the lake. It need scarcely be said, in explanation, that there is some romantic

legend associated with this part which has the power of exciting their terrors. The popular superstition appears to be, that a spirit, in the form of a beautiful woman, after a certain hour of night, roves along in a small skiff the forbidden passage, enchanting those who have the misfortune of hearing her, with strains more divine than any which ever issued from lips mortal or immaterial, for the unhallowed purpose of causing their instant destruction. The spectre is said to have once inhabited the form of a daughter of a patriot of Geneva, and to have fallen enamoured with a young Savoyard, who, after gaining her affections, attempted to instil into her mind notions of treason against her country, which she consequently was near betraying. Indignant at the ungenerous use which he had made of her love, and of his subsequent desertion, she died, and, after her death, the popular story declares her to have been seen making the voyage between the city and that part of the coast where she had first beheld her lover, whose perfidy she revenges by alluring the rest of his sex, by the melody of her voice, to a whirlpool, which was within the enchanted course, and in the vortex of which her victims met with immediate destruction.

The tale was currently believed by the generality of the citizens of Geneva; many affected to despise and turn it into ridicule, but even the greatest sceptics never gave so effectual a proof of their courage as to venture near the current in which the beautiful syren was said to harbour. One high-spirited youth alone, the son of the Governor of Geneva, is said to have dared to explore the mysterious course. In despite of a solemn oath, which in an hour of filial affection his mother had wrung from him, pledging that he would never attempt the forbidden voyage, after being irritated by the taunting jeers of his companions, he swore to sail his skiff from Geneva to Clâse, along the haunted current, and to tear a lock of hair from the head of the spectre lady, should fortune so far favor him as to bring him within the sphere of her fascination. Carelessly laughing at the consequences, amidst the boisterous shouts of his companions, and the silent fears of many of them, the gallant Victor unmoored his light bark, and soon her white sail became a speck in the horizon.

The evening, at the time when he left the shore, was beautiful, the queen of the skies was careering in her chariot above his head, shedding a favorable light over

his course; and, as he bounded over the waters, his little skiff seemed to cut her way through a sheet of silver. Ere he was out of sight, the face of the heavens changed, the moon was overshadowed by giant storm clouds, and a hoarse muttering wind travelled over the surface of the lake, which appeared to be convulsed by an unusual sensation. These symptoms of external change were viewed with dismal forebodings by the party on the shore; and, however natural the sudden alteration in the weather might have been, their superstitious minds at once imputed it to the daring hardihood of their friend, and they returned to their homes, contrary to the engagement which they had made with Victor, previous to his departure, to stay till he returned, under the fullest persuasion that he would never upbraid them, at least in this world, for their want of faith.

The storm continued incessantly, and, as the red flashes of the lightning illumined the dark surface of the water, there appeared a distant object resembling a vessel, tossed to and fro by the violence of the waves; upon its disappearance, all hope ceased in the breasts of the anxious watchers of ever again beholding the daring explorer of the mysterious waters.

The morning however arrived, and with it, to their astonishment, came Victor, who was at the ménage where the young nobles of Geneva were accustomed to meet, and he upbraided them, in terms not over courteous, for so cowardly breaking their promise. Although a deriding laugh burst from his lips, his companions perceived they were colourless and shrivelled and his hitherto blooming countenance had a shade of darkness spread over it, as if it had been recently paralyzed either by horror or excessive emotion. His buoyant and elastic step was changed to a drooping air and nerveless gait, and his thin and hollow voice had a tone like the wind playing through the crevices of a sepulchre, and his eyes gleamed with a wildness of expression both strange and unearthly—his whole aspect was that of a freshly exhumated corpse; rather than that of the gay, blooming, and spirited son of the Governor of Geneva. As his companions viewed this marked and awful alteration in a countenance and form, which had so often excited their jealousy, they eagerly pressed a round him to be informed of the events of the preceding night. He at first evaded the question, by asking their right to inquire, which he haughtily affirmed they had forfeited,

by not fulfilling their own part of the pledge: he, however, before he left the ménage, declared that he had made the voyage without meeting the object of his curiosity, and explained the disorder of his appearance from the violent effects of the storm. It did not, however, escape the inquisitive eyes of his companions, that, when the speaker arrived at that part of the narrative which denied his meeting with the spectre lady, he appeared to be struggling to obtain a command over himself, and his countenance whitened even more ghastly than before; and when one of his hearers gaily said—"I suppose then you have not got with you the lock of her hair?" he attempted to laugh, but the frightful expression of his eyes, and the hissing sounds of his breath, startled the group with horror, and they drew back, as if he had changed his nature, and had assumed attributes of a demoniacal being. His very horse, his favorite Jole, reared at his approach, and, instead of kneeling to receive him, as was the custom of the animal, plunged violently, and was obliged to be forcibly held by the rein.

It was the evident intention of Victor to appear careless and indifferent, but his efforts were unavailing; his manner was abstracted; some deep and intense feeling seemed buried in his heart; and his

abrupt start, and vacant stare, whenever he was addressed, were sufficient evidence that, whatever might have been the events of the night, they had made a deep and absorbing impression on his mind.

Not many hours had elapsed after Victor's return, before various tales were circulated over the city of his bold and presumptuous voyage. It need not be said, that whatever was really strange in his conduct or appearance escaped from being exaggerated; in fact, the most extravagant and highly-colored relations were told of the event, which soon perforated the walls of the citadel, his father's residence. The Governor, determined to set at rest the floating rumours which, unwilling as he was to confess it, caused considerable disquiet in his own mind, and exercise his paternal, and if it were necessary, his judicial authority, to ascertain the truth from the lips of his son himself. Upon inquiry, he found that Victor had, although it was then but the middle of the day, retired to rest, under the plea of indisposition and excessive fatigue. His mother went a short time afterwards into his apartment, and as he appeared sunk in the deepest repose, she retired, with her mind considerably alleviated. About midnight, however, as her son had been, as she supposed, asleep for many hours, her maternal feelings became

again excited, and she left her own sleeping-room to quiet them, when, to her unsuppressed horror, she found his chamber empty. The castle was immediately alarmed, and instant inquiries were made within its walls, but with no effect, till messengers were despatched to the different gates of the city, from one of which it was discovered that the young Count had passed, in his way to the borders of the lake, from which it was further found, that he had set sail about an hour after midnight, in the direction of the mysterious current. The city, before day-break, was in a tumult, till it was proclaimed that the Count had returned safe and uninjured.

To the mild entreaties of his parents at first, and to their subsequent threats, Victor preserved an equal silence; and when the Governor sternly imposed close imprisonment of his son, unless he explained the motives on his mysterious conduct, the youth retained a haughty reserve, and merely stated his readiness to undergo any punishment his father might choose to inflict on him. That night he escaped the vigilance of his guards, and succeeded in gaining the borders of the lake;—but it is time to lift the curtain from the mystery which fascinated the young adventurer.

On the eventful night of the idle boast, which in-

duced Victor to brave the threats and taunts of his companions, he set sail in the manner before described. Highly excited by wine, and jarred with their boisterous revelry, the soft wind that was blowing over the lake, though hardly sufficient to ruffle its surface, cooled the warm temperature of his blood, which gradually became softened by the beautiful scene around him. As the borders of the lake lost themselves in the receding distance, and as the last faint sound of the voices of his friends on the shore died away, the stars above him appeared of a brilliancy he never before witnessed. The gentle breeze that wafted him from the shore had completely expired, yet his bark, to his surprise, made way at a considerable rate, although neither swayed by tide nor current. Moved by some strange impulse, she cut through the lake, whose waters appeared more wonderfully transparent than ever; the stars reflected were like so many balls of fire glowing in the deep, and he appeared riding on a nether heaven. All traces of the shore became invisible from a storm which was raging in its neighbourhood, and the farther he proceeded the greater became the surpassing glory of the scene. Thousands of stars were shooting from the Heavens, and illumining the mid air with a light far surpassing in brilliancy the rays of the sun;

the moon was surrounded with a halo of amazing grandeur, and the water sparkled like a huge sea of liquid cristal, with the reflection of the stars which appeared continually falling on its surface, and glancing from its depths. The bark continued to proceed as if propelled by an irresistible impulse, till it veered round, and all the skill he possessed as a steersman was not sufficient to put her on a right tack. At this moment all the fearful tales that he had heard of the viewless Syren, that was said to haunt this spot, rushed on his mind with quick and pauseless array. The scene around him was magnificent—it was no longer night, nor was it the open glare of day that made every object brilliant around him. The sky was of a light blue, but so bright as to cause a painful sensation in beholding it; the lake looked like a sea of molten diamonds, and the middle regions of air were occupied by revolving bodies of light, of a magnitude which the highest flights of imagination had never pictured. The bark continued to wheel round, till the efforts of Victor to urge her forward were interrupted, by what he had long ardently anticipated, but mysteriously dreaded. It was a strain of music—if that word can convey, sounds which were never heard before in a terrene world. No mortal language can convey the softly

swelling notes which alternately rose and died away—it was not like the gust of the feathered minstrels, nor the exquisite touches produced by the finger of art—nor the full deep tones of woman's voice, but it had all the sweetness of each, without a resemblance to either. They rose and inflated his heart, and he sank powerless in his skiff, exhausted with the excitement of his feeling. Ere he recovered himself a voice met his ears, yet more beautiful than woman's, and in a tone and language which, although he had never heard it before, seemed familiar to him, conveyed feelings to his soul, of whose existence he had till then been ignorant.

Yet the master-spring of his feelings was yet to be aroused, when, as he looked to see whence the music proceeded, he found a skiff by the side of his own. It was made of a huge pearl, scooped out by fingers which could never have been mortal. The sail was like the silver wing of an insect fluttering in the breeze; but the figure which stood at the helm, and from which the music evidently proceeded, completed the enchantment. Was it an angel or a woman?—too voluptuous for the one, too celestial for mortality! He gazed as if he would gaze his soul away in those eyes which seemed a heaven of their own; lips, that if they wooed to destruction,

threw flowers in the path, and a form too bright for reality, too glorious to belong to the world. While under the delusion of the sweet spell that kept his reason prisoner, she flung her white arms round the prow of the vessel, which had slightly the appearance of a stringed instrument, thrilled in a strain which, though unknown, fell consciously with a heavenly cadence on his fluctuating soul—

THE SONG OF THE SYREN.*

"I know thee—I know thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art come to the home of light and joy,
To the home of each fair and each lovely thing,
Where the bright flowers blow, and the sweet birds sing!
Where the founts are clear as the skies above,
And the soft wind speaks like whisper'd love!
Where the violet breathes on the dawn-lit air,
Of a spring which never dies;
And the asphodel shines as marble fair,
And the stars like woman's eyes.
Where the sun-rise is bright, as the sun-set is calm,
And the silent midnight from her couch of balm
Heareth naught but the far stream's careless hum—
To this home of delight, hath thy light bark come.

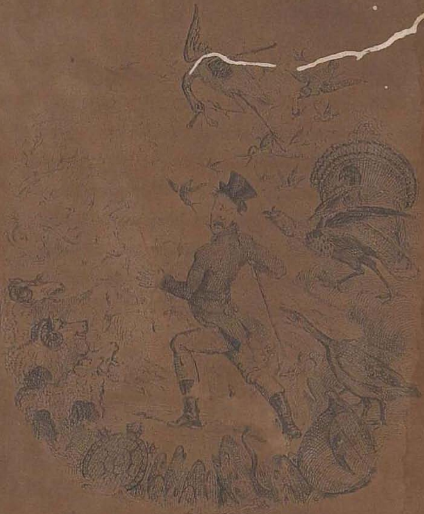
* I have no other claim to the above verses than a desire to rescue them from an undeserving oblivion. They came into my hands accidentally, and I know not even the author's name, nor any particulars concerning him, saving that he is not now in existence.

M

"I know thee—I know thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
Thou art made for this land of light and joy;
The shrill wind and the lashing sea,
And the foundering skiff—Oh! it must not be;
Too bright are the treasured beams which lie
Hid in the depths of thy soft dark eye;
Too fair is thy cheek, and the soul too warm
That speaks through thy parted lips,
That lives in, that looks from, thy graceful form;
And thy spirit of calm that sleeps.
On the pearly white of thy wreathed brow—
Too lovely are these—and too beautiful thou,
To brave the chill gale, and the salt-sea foam;
No, no! thou art made for my island-home.

"I love thee—I love thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
And have waited thee long in this home of joy;
I have lean'd on the bare rock day by day,
From the purple-plumed dawn until gloaming gray;
And have wept when thy far-seen sail grew dim,
Fading away from the water's rim.
Ah! me, I could tell of the sleepless night,
Of the still deserted bower,
And the sea-ward gaze in the pale moonlight,
From yon lone and lighted tower!—
But enough—thou art come—and my task shall be
To gather the honey-bees' gold for thee;
With sweets from the mountain, and sweets from the well,
And others I could, but may not tell.

"I love thee—I love thee—thou fair-hair'd boy!
My home shall be thine in this land of joy;—
I knew thou wert born, and thy couch hath made
Of violet-wreaths, 'neath the musk-rose shade,



Where the citrons' scent, and the sound of the spring
Are borne on the faint wind's fitful wing.
  And, oh! far other delights than these!—
    Heaven's music to lull thee to rest,
  When thy form shall be lapp'd on a maiden's knees,
    And thy head on her warm white breast;
Bright glances to meet, soft-kisses to close
Thine eyes, when a moment they break their repose;
With none to disturb, and naught to alloy,
Mine arms are thy home, thou fair-hair'd boy."

Twice he shunned the sorceress; but on the third day there was weeping in the streets of Geneva, and the citizens spoke not, but stood whispering in groupes, as if each was fearful of the solitude of his own thoughts. When the night came, its fearful darkness brought fresh terror with it, and they shuddered as they heard the lake growling in the distance—the morning brought its sun to dissipate their terrors, but Victor never saw its light again.

LOST FEELINGS.

"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of." SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is an old age of the feelings, as well as of the possessor, and the first too much earlier feels its approaches than the latter. A more woful, and yet a commoner picture does not exist, than they who have outlived those resources, which were the charms of their existence—all stimulants to their fancy and imagination; and who, after treading an ærial world of their own creation in the more blooming period of life, find themselves at last fettered to the very sphere from which inspiration had deceitfully emancipated them. Is the complaint due to nature, or ourselves, in granting us those feelings which we are doomed to survive and feel their abandonment; or with us, for expending, in the most prodigal season of the heart, that spirit which was to animate the whole course of our existence?

Is there any one who yet looked back on the scenes

of his youth, without the accompaniment of a sigh, blended as they are with joyous and melancholy features? It cannot be disputed, if they partake more of one characteristic than the other, but what the effect is still mournfully the same. If they remind us of the season when all seemed a world to be enjoyed, of the delightful confidence of friendship, the witcheries of love, when the mind and the heart were equally unjaundiced by suspicion or jealousy, we can only regret that the pleasure is gone, and it is the hollowest of enjoyments to attempt to revive that which is fled for ever: if, on the contrary, sorrow has thrown her darkling shadows over the scene, we have only the bitter satisfaction of knowing that no period of mortality is without its attendant annoyances; and we are in no degree relieved at the reflection that, however unindurable we thought them then, the spirit has borne many so much more serious, as to render them comparatively trifling or imaginary.

Whoever returned to the home of his infancy without feeling a deep, though sweet, melancholy pervade him? It is not that we wish once more to become children, even were we to enjoy that blissful ignorance, which is the characteristic of the spring-time

of life—that we regret the curling locks and smiling face of boyhood—the buoyant enthusiasm, or the flowers of hope, which spring up as often as they were trampled down—it is the waste of the senses, the expenditure of the heart's best sensations, that sums up the loss we have endured. Besides, what a volume of years we look back upon, from the present to that fairy period—what a train of recollections is it which links the two extremes—what a bird's-eye view, or rather history, of the mind seems at once presented to us—of elevated hope, too bright, too glorious, ever to be defeated—of complete and bitter disappointment—the chequering of joy and woe—that sweet intermixture of sunlight and shadow, by which the vista is occupied, crowd into that brief but comprehensive retrospection.

It is in such a looking back as this, that the dead, and, perhaps, the forgotten, start into life and memory; the dear guardians of our childhood, the mother, that ever-beloved companion of our infancy and boyhood, and the too frequently neglected monitor of after life, perhaps, invests the spot with her hallowed memory; how the heart yearns once more for the throbbing caress of natural affection—how the arms spontaneously open,

although they receive but the blank space. It may be, the winding stream and its flowing banks, the tuft of trees that crowns the verdant hill, the green churchyard, and the ivy-covered steeple, or the silvery surface of the moonlight ocean, may recal *some one* else—for it is one of the divinest attributes of love, in its purest sense, that it ever delights to invest itself in the most enchanting of Nature's endeavours, and to wed itself in the closest of associations to the most beautiful of her scenery and objects. Ask, what recollections bring it in the deepest colors to the mind—is it the gay and splendid saloon? if so, at once it droops its sweet head under the heated atmosphere, in the fluctuating crowd of busy life; or by the sounding cataract—the meandering river—the time-worn tower and its constant evergreen—these are the scenes which bring the real poetry of the heart into action, which drain from the seat of feeling all the gross and animal portions of our nature, and so refines it, as to prevent the introduction of a less attractive or amiable guest.

Pure, deep, aye, and lofty as they are, who is uncandid enough to say, that the recollections even of first love are not of a painful nature? How seldom it terminates happily when the feelings have been consulted

in preference to judgment—when that lag-behind, Reason (who invariably arrives after her time), has been anticipated by Impulse, and not until the wounds are beginning to close, and are nearly seared by the hot iron of misery. The vanity, the folly of life, at once places the retrospect in as ridiculous as in a painful point of view; that we are our own tormentors appears to be perfectly indisputable, and yet, with all the increased wisdom of years, the bitter truths of experience, and the attendant consequences of such folly, tears, does he not feel irresolute at his own suggestion? Could he spend another hour beneath that tree, or by the side of that soft flowing river, with *her*—would he not hang up philosophy for a cold-hearted monitor—leave reason for lawyers and mathematicians, and sing with the poet—

> "Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
> Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's blest light."

There are few circumstances which point out the alteration which a few years of experience make in our sentiments and affections, more forcibly, than the coolness and, perhaps, contempt, which, after being well buffeted about in the world, we look upon those objects which once aroused the wild and mysterious in our

minds, which soon become so thoroughly indifferent to them.

Were there nothing to make us wish for a return of the spring of our life, more than the certainty of once more enjoying the beauties of the authors our youth has delighted in, there are, I believe, few who could resist the temptation. They are a charm that has fled—an amulet sweet with the fragrance of the past—the magic spirit that spread the bloom of romance in our veins—the books remain the same, but the man is not the boy.

He whose mind is soaring to reach the apex of ambitious grandeur, cannot feel interested with Gil Blas in the robber's cave; nor is it likely that the calculating money-maker, or methodical lawyer, can experience any inclination to accompany the Knight of the Rueful Countenance in his erratic career. Will he, who is accustomed to the frightful realities of life, shudder once more at the half marble, and half human, Prince of the Black Isles? nay, he would not sit up and listen to her stories, were the Arabian sultana inclined again to pour forth her flood of sparkling and glowing imagination. Alas! were he certain of meet-

ing with an undiscovered island, and a man Friday to boot, show me him, "turned" of five and twenty, who would wish himself another Robinson Crusoe.

Romance! dear romance! how I cling to thee yet with all the devotion of a first love. How my pen dotes to linger near the scenes you have invested with your fairy spells—how I love to dwell near your enchanted fountain, while the spirits of the past seem gathering in thick array around me.

As the shades of the ancient warriors, when danger was thinning the ranks of their living descendants, sometimes loved to mingle once more with their ranks, so the ghosts of former joys, when the present has little or no charm for us, will occasionally arise, and with their visionary assistance, enable us to sustain the gloomy conflicts with which the spirit is overcharged.

It is in such a moment as this that memory seems ready to open forth her stores at the touch of the slightest spring, and it is such a moment as that in which I am at present actuated; and, as I feel a more than ordinary inclination for confession, I shall "make example it," by recalling those excitements which form the leading epochas of my mind's earlier history.

They were as varied as the emotions which they oc-

casioned, and were the first kiss from the lips that I loved, but this is a theme which most likely is more interesting to myself than another, yet it arose like a flower in my soul, shedding its fragrance through my blood, and has lived unfading there ever afterwards. The feeling never before nor since surprised me; so beautiful, because it was so new; it has left its charm like a seal on my memory, and with that will it live and die.

Fresh and natural as these sensations were, they were powerless, compared with those produced by that master piece of Schiller, "The Robbers." I knew not that such a work was in existence, till it was accidentally placed in my hand. I looked at the first page out of curiosity, and the remainder I read, or literally devoured, as if fearful that some irresistible power would snatch the book from my hand, and I should never again meet with it. I no longer remembered that my attention was rivetted by the offspring of a brain, that was composed of the same perishable matter as my own; in the lofty occupation of the author, I forgot my individual existence, and became a denizen of another soil —it was not the

"Baseless fabric of a vision!"

but an embodied dream. The black forest was the scene, and I heard the merry chant of the robbers echo through its shade, and started back as if I saw the dark and mysterious Francis before me, giving vent to the gloomy workings of his mind. The soft, the martyred, Amelia, was with me too—what a spell seems to hang over me, while recalling the witchery of that ideal creation. Mind! mind! whose offspring excellest its maker, which can give seeming breath and being to objects that dwell but within its own deep caverns—the recollection of the past of woman, dear and beautiful as she is, could not call into life stronger feelings than those which are occasioned by the mere fashioning of a brain as mortal as mine own. She is, indeed, a poet's dream, with sensibilities as soft as ever warmed a female breast—with loftiness of thought, and exclusiveness of devotion, which ever fired the patriot soul to glory; and Charles, nature seems excelled in this character, and yet, although we never saw such a man in nature, there is every thing that can be admired in humanity. We were sworn friends from our first introduction. I sympathized with him as with one in whose heart and mind there was not a shade of difference. I fancied I saw the noble expression of his countenance illumined

above mortality, when, on the mountain's brow, he gazes on the decline of the day-god, and wishes he may die with him in unclouded glory. I imagined the conflict of love, grief, and despair, when he delivers up his soul's treasure, his Amelia, as a pledge of honor to the robbers. Courage, love, and determination, must lose their excitements in me if ever I forget the feelings for which I am indebted to Schiller's masterly drama.

But I had not yet had my fill of romance; a native of an inland city, I had never, till the morning of life was nearly passed, seen the sea. For that purpose I made an express journey, and although I had managed to live a pretty considerable portion of time without that gratification, I found my impatience become almost insupportable, as I came nearer the grandest of Nature's work, but which did not take place till night had set in.

Although the expectation of what I was about to witness absorbed the whole of my thoughts, I was fairly by the sea-side before I was aware of its proximity. I looked from the windows of the vehicle, but darkness enveloped all in its grasp; still the roaring of the water had that singular effect which baffles description, or analysis—that solemnity of thought, and vastness of idea,

which it awakens, only exists in those who have felt it. The moaning of the winds as they travelled over the waters, and the lashing of the waves, were like the choruses of fallen angels confined in their mighty depths; the splash of the billows, as they split on the shore, seemed to create a scene where mighty and invisible beings were waging a wrathful war.

I went to my lodgings, and impatiently awaited the return of day-light; to sleep was impossible, in the immediate vicinity of that object, which, in my eagerness to view, seemed to swallow up every other. When the gray tint of the dawning day had disappeared from my chamber, I threw back the curtains, and opened the window. The sun was just emerging from his dark panoply of clouds, which rolled from its glorious presence, while his young beams danced over the mighty scene that surrounded me. With what a deep and earnest intent the waters seemed to form themselves into masses, and then burst into fragments of uncontrollable grandeur,

"Shaking their white heads in heaven,"

as if daring every element to prevent their progress. My imagination seemed filled beyond the power of its grasping, and my idea of the lofty and sublime more than realized.

But since the time these events took place, I begin to think kissing a very trifling occupation of time—Schiller as something less than a god—and a taste of sea-sickness I found a sufficient cooler to any romantic ideas. I had formed of the ocean.

Yet still, with all the consciousness of your vanity and emptiness, Scenes of my youth! Feelings of the past, farewell, my heart yearns for thy loss! but memory is too vivid a record for thy epitaph—come not again in the night time of sorrow and busy recollection, the canvas of your deeds is already painted. But there is one memory, one feeling, yet clings to me, and dares forgetfulness! it lives, though the object which gave it birth had ceased existing. Too pure, too deep, to be crushed, live as thou hast twined round my heart, and be as ever the animating flame of this joyless spirit. What sacred spell has bound me to life, when its every charm has departed—when weighed down with gloom—oppressed with sickness, and maddened with undeserved injury? What threw back the recoiling blood from the dried up veins, and braced the fluctuating pulse? The memory of the dead, the unforgotten * * *

The visions of youth may deceive for awhile—romance may spread her halo of deceptious light, but they die before their objects; but the feeling which truth has

stamped on the heart—which affection has cherished—lives beyond the dust, and clings verdantly and firmly even round the tomb. Are we not yet united, *thee* in thy immaterial nature, and I in all the memory of what has been; yet nearer, and nearer, as I approach that bourne, which thou hast already reached, still more immeasurable seems the distance—how vain, how hollow, the wish:—

> Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
> How soon would I reach thee again.

It is the calm and holy hour of midnight, and saving the low muttering of the wind as it passes over the lake, and the shrill cries of the heron on its desolate shore, all is of that perfect stillness as one might imagine of eternity. When every thing around him seems hastening, or brought to a close, the period for drawing the curtains around the scene of his endeavours appears to the author to have arrived.

Of the vanity, the inconsistency, the capriciousness, of the foregoing pages, he, perhaps, is as sensible as a human mind can be to its defects, and yet, as the offerings of his earlier years, not ashamed of. Had time mellowed them, they might have been improved, but they would have lost in the exchange the freshness and

buoyancy of youth; the polishing hand of art might have softened down their asperities, but the truth of nature would have been the purchase. He views them as the record of earlier thoughts, and untampered feelings, and, therefore, as things which are entitled, from their fidelity, to remain undisturbed—as

> "Glimpses of glory ne'er forgot,
> Which fall like beams on the sunset sea,
> That once have been, but now are not,
> But what *ne'er* again may brightly be."

Conscious as he is that he is now acting the egotist's part, yet, as this is his first as well as his last appearance—his drama in one act—and ere judgment is pronounced on him, the curtain of his existence may have fallen—he cannot but be as insensible to censure as to applause; yet, the hope which feeds the lamp of his flickering spirit is, that should this legacy ever meet the eye of the world, of which, ere this he has ceased to be an unit, that those who have lingered to hear his last, may meet, with equal serenity, that word to him, too full of meaning, and which time *to him* has already uttered.

Finis.

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